
THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Scooping the World *Geneviève Tabouis*

Will There Be War? *Eugen Diesel*

A Tory Looks at Hitler *Francis Yeats-Brown*

Riviera Irredenta *Claude Allais*

If Franco Wins *S.*

Glass-House Democracy *Toshio Shiratori*

Australia's Great Backyard *Sir Herbert Gepp*

The Spinners of Kawasaki *Kurt Kläber*

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THE LIVING AGE



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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries."

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THE GUIDE POST

'WE MUST beware of Tabouis; she is dangerous,' remarked Premier Laval shortly before Geneviève Tabouis, diplomatic correspondent of the Paris *Œuvre*, ruined the Hoare-Laval scheme to betray Ethiopia by exposing it prematurely. All true journalists dream of 'Scooping the World' some day on a really important event, but only a very few of them ever realize that dream. Yet the brilliant Tabouis, who is a comparative newcomer to diplomatic reporting, has had many 'scoops.' She describes some of them in our leading article. Her success seems to be due, first, to an innate flair for interpreting the portents in the diplomatic sky; and second, to her 'contacts'—a veritable network of diplomatic espionage which often keeps her better informed than the Foreign Offices. Every night at prearranged quarter-hours, she receives reports by telephone from her secret information gatherers in a dozen European countries. These bits of news she pieces together with 'inside' information she has gotten in Paris during the day. Then she writes her story, and it is sometimes sensational enough to blast a Premier from his post and cause fleets to 'up-anchor.' From the point of view of statesmen who are concocting secret diplomatic stews, Geneviève Tabouis *is* the most dangerous woman in Europe. [p. 480]

OUR FIRST group of articles on Spain in some months, 'Spanish Tragedy: Act III,' includes an account of the political and economic set-up in Insurgent Spain and the prospects 'If Franco Wins,' by the Burgos Correspondent of the London *Times* [p. 487]; also 'Volunteers for Murder,' a record of conversations with German and Italian flyers who had been captured by the Loyalists, by the well-known Russian author and correspondent, Ilya Ehrenbourg. [p. 491]

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S repeated criticism of the policies of the aggressive Powers and the systems of the authoritarian States has aroused much ire in Germany, Italy and Japan, but their spokesmen have rarely replied seriously or at length. Mr. Toshio Shiratori, former Japanese Minister to Sweden and Director of Public Information at the Foreign Office during the Manchuria Incident, undertakes the task of serious rebuttal in the article, 'Glass-House Democracy.' Some things he has to say will be found embarrassing, and many will be irritating, but they represent rather accurately the viewpoint of official circles in Germany, Italy and Japan. [p. 496]

ALTHOUGH Hitler and his cohorts proclaim their peaceful intentions time and again, it is a well-known fact that the ideological concept of Fascism tends toward war. In our group, 'On the Eve of Armageddon,' Eugen Diesel, son of the renowned engineer and inventor, uses the pre-World War catch-phrase of 'War for Peace.' It is no exaggeration to say that propaganda articles such as this are largely responsible for the recurrent war hysteria in Germany. [p. 501] In the second article of this group, Pierre Cot, Minister of Aviation under Premiers Blum and Chautemps, writes an authoritative appraisal of the 'Air Power in Europe.' He comes to the conclusion that the Fascist Bloc can win only in a brief war. The longer the struggle lasts, the more certain becomes the victory of the democracies. [p. 496]

KURT KLÄBER, a German proletarian author, now living in exile, writes an account of a strike in a Japanese silk factory—a story of how the meek girl 'Spinners of Kawasaki' rebelled against
(Continued on page 558)

THE LIVING AGE

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The World Over

EXCEPT FOR OFFICIAL RELEASES of Count Ciano's address, we believe that the important Fascist Congress for the Study of Foreign Politics held at Milan early in June has been unreported in the American press. Yet some things were said there that merit our close attention. At the last session, on June 4th, for example, twenty-one reports were presented on the constitutional changes in post-War Europe, and Signor Pavolini, a member of the Fascist Parliament, summarized them as follows:—

Of all the changes which have taken place, the Russian Revolution is the last episode of a historic cycle which is now closing, while Fascism is the opening chapter of the new history. The only authentic revolutionary movement which is anti-liberal and anti-democratic is Fascism. Signor Mussolini was an interventionist in 1914 only because he foresaw in the War the revolution, and when it came, he created, with the formula of the authoritarian, totalitarian and corporate State, *the model Constitution for the new century.*

But the true difference between Bolshevism and Fascism consists chiefly in this, that *the Russian experiment does not make proselytes and does not expand beyond its frontiers. After more than twenty years, no other country has turned Bolshevist. Fascism, on the contrary, is becoming universal. Today, 150,000,000 men live in authoritarian and totalitarian States. The Third Reich was a derivative of Fascism; and partially Fascist are Japan, Turkey, Portugal, Lithuania, Latvia, Hungary, Poland and Greece.*

The italics are ours, for here is a significant admission from prominent Fascist spokesmen that Fascism is a proselytizing movement. What has

become of their former insistence that Fascism was not for export, a claim which Mr. Shiratori repeats somewhat belatedly in the article, 'Glass-House Democracy,' elsewhere in this issue? And with what, in view of the statement about the innocuousness of Communism, will the Fascists replace their most successful argument—the Red Menace? If the menace has indeed disappeared, then the official *raison d'être* of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Triangle has likewise disappeared. That is the conclusion to which logic would lead us; but well we know that power diplomacy is not guided by logic, and that official *raisons* more often than not distinctly bear the mark of the red herring. Both the Axis and the Triangle were designed, not for defense against Communism, but for mutual aggrandizement at the expense of the democracies—of the rich British, French, Belgian and Dutch Empires. As to Fascist proselytizing, whether for political, ideological or economic objectives, it is only natural. No dynamic movement is satisfied to remain small, but is impelled to go out into the world and make converts—to become 'universal.' The all-too-tolerant democracies are even now feeling the impact of Fascist propaganda, of a skillfully directed, richly financed and utterly unscrupulous Fascintern.

We return briefly to Signor Pavolini, who went on to warn that, 'Nothing irritates Fascists more than being considered as preservers of order. Fascism has nothing to do with the old order.' And this point was amplified in the April issue of *Gerarchia*, the leading Fascist review, which was founded by Mussolini and is now edited by his nephew, Vito Mussolini:—

Up till now, we have been useful to the propertied classes of the world and to all the frightened people who saw in Communism the diabolical herald of the social problem. All these good people must be convinced—and we shall soon convince them—that the social problem has passed onto our shoulders and that we are more to be feared than Communism.

This is certainly a fair warning to Capitalism!

WE INVITE OUR READERS' close attention to the articles by Eugen Diesel and Pierre Cot in this issue. Herr Diesel, who is one of the most authoritative writers on public affairs in the Reich, believes that Europe will not have real peace until after another great war has been fought—until, we infer, a *Pax Germanica* has been imposed on the Continent. M. Cot believes that peace depends on the maintenance of a balance of power and insists that such a balance, in turn, depends upon the preservation of Czechoslovakia's independence.

Since Hitler's great rebuff at the time of the first Czechoslovak municipal elections, when the little Republic demonstrated that it would not become a second Austria and France announced her determination

to fight for the Czechs, it has been difficult to follow the readjustment thereby occasioned in the Führer's plans. No informed observer of Hitlerite policy believes for a moment that Czechoslovakia's peril has passed—that Hitler has abandoned his immediate major aim of gaining control of Czechoslovakia. What, then, will he do, since an invasion, or even a sponsored uprising, among the Sudeten Germans might provoke a general war? Will he simply await a more favorable moment—when France, for example, will be immobilized by one of her periodical internal crises? Or will he devise some new method to bring the Czechs to their knees?

Two recent developments provide at least a partial answer to this momentous question. They were Marshal General Göring's decree requiring all able-bodied German civilians to perform labor service for the State, and the subsequent discovery that some 500,000 German workmen were engaged in deepening the fortifications opposite the French Maginot Line. As France has declared, and reiterated, her determination to come to Czechoslovakia's defense if the latter were to be attacked, Chancellor Hitler seems to have ordered Göring and the General Staff to make the defenses in the West so strong that France would be *unable* to help her ally. When he is informed that the Siegfried line has been made three-deep and is impregnable, he can then choose his pretext and move suddenly to crush the Czechs.

If this interpretation is correct, the summer may pass without war in Central Europe. Everything depends on the speed with which Germany's military engineers are able to carry out their task. There always remains, however, the danger of a sudden and unplanned 'incident'—another Serajevo.

ANOTHER ALTERNATIVE, economic strangulation, has often been mentioned as a means which Hitler might use to bend Czechoslovakia to his will without recourse to war. The French Foreign Office is known to have prepared a memorandum on the subject for the guidance of British and French statesmen during their conversations some weeks ago. If we judge the Führer's character aright, he would regard the use of economic pressure with extreme distaste. He prefers that his victories shall be dramatic, and 'starving' the Czechs into submission would scarcely add to his fame or to Germany's 'honor.'

There is also some question as to whether he could blockade them effectively. Although Czechoslovakia imports fertilizers, fruits, hogs, maize and vegetable oils, she is comparatively self-sufficient in food-stuffs and could hold out for a considerable period. But the little country's economy is heavily dependent on foreign trade. Thirty per cent of the domestic production is sent abroad, and large quantities of such raw

materials as cotton, wool and mineral oils must be imported. If completely blockaded, it is undeniable that Czechoslovakia would suffer severely and it is unlikely that she could resist for very long. It could not be achieved, however, by merely cutting Czechoslovakia off from her present outlets across German territory to Trieste and Hamburg, as alternative routes through Hungary to Trieste and Constanza, and through Poland to Gdynia could be used. Germany would require the close coöperation of those two countries to make the blockade successful. Hungary might be brought into line, but Poland would like to win the enormous Czechoslovak trade for Gdynia, where a Czech Free Port already exists, and since the May crisis she is reported to have offered inducements to Prague in the hope of diverting the Czech trade from Hamburg to Gdynia.

WORDS COME EASILY to Adolf Hitler, and several of his speeches at the Nuremberg Party Congress and to the Jastag have attained book-length. So we are not surprised to learn that the Führer is not to go down to posterity as a 'one-book author.' He is now reported to be hard at work finishing a second book that will replace *Mein Kampf* as the Nazi 'Bible.' In *Mein Sieg*, as it may well be called, he will point with justifiable pride to the achievement of the principal aims which he announced nearly fifteen years ago, and he will describe a newer program for the future. According to our information, he will extend the Nazi racial dogma by announcing the foundation of a new religion (at base, we suspect, Rosenbergian) for all peoples of pure Nordic stock, with himself as spiritual head. In the political and economic fields, Europe will be divided into 'spheres of influence' under the control of Germany and Italy—the two 'leader nations' of the Nordics and the Latins. All other countries will have to subordinate themselves to their appointed leader. Soviet Russia will, as heretofore, be stigmatized as 'Asiatic' and warned to keep out of Europe.

Millions of copies are to be printed. All Party members and affiliates will doubtless be ordered to acquire the book, and all others who hope to continue to be classed as 'politically reliable' will likewise hasten to do so. Translations, tactfully expurgated as in the case of *Mein Kampf*, will appear in many languages. The moment of publication will be chosen with the utmost care, however, as the Führer's second 'Bible' will mark a new turn in Germany's foreign policy.

THE POWER OF THE RED ARMY is a prime factor in world politics. Had there been no purge of the Russian General Staff in June, 1937, Japan might not have resolved upon the immediate conquest of North China a month later. According to the latest reports, the situation in the

Red Army is growing worse rather than better. On June 13th, the London *Times* correspondent at Riga cabled that Marshal Voroshilov had ordered the commissioning of 10,000 cadets as officers without examination. The measure had become necessary, said the correspondent, because the continual purge had deprived the Army of 'between a third and a half of its officers above the rank of lieutenant.' He also reported that there was general disorganization in Supply. Even Mekhlis, the present Political Commissar for the Army, admits that his efforts to 'Bolshevize' the forces have encountered many snags. Items appear from time to time in the *Krasnaya Svezda*, the principal Red Army organ, showing the bad effects of the hasty substitution of younger and 'politically reliable' officers for the liquidated Gamarnik-Tukhachevski elements in the General Staff, and complaining about the permeation of every division by young ill-mannered political investigators drawn from the Communist Youth Organization, who are ignorant of, and indifferent to, military affairs.

UNTIL RECENTLY—although an ally of Japan—Germany was not unfavorable to China. Many writers in the German press openly stated that Japan had begun an adventure which was beyond her strength. German military circles were undecided as to whether a further expansion of Japanese military operations in China was desirable. Lately, however, there has been a complete about-face. The former misgivings that Japan might lose out, should the war last very much longer, and might not be counted on against Soviet Russia have now given way to expressions of hope that Japan shall be victorious at all costs.

The Essen *National-Zeitung*, General Göring's newspaper, makes some interesting statements, however, in regard to the number of Japanese troops now under arms. It asserts that these troops will shortly reach or even exceed the second million, clear evidence that Japan has already mobilized nearly all her trained reserves, which do not exceed two million men. Therefore, in prosecuting the campaign in China, or in the event of war against Russia, Japan will have to make up losses in her cadres with semi-trained recruits.

These facts are all the more significant since they come from an official German source.

JAPAN'S WITHDRAWAL AS HOST to the 1940 Olymic Games is a significant admission that the strain of the war with China is acute. Behind the cancellation was, of course, the Army, whose controlling clique detests the internationalist ideals given to the Games by the late Baron Coubertin. It was felt, moreover, that the concrete and steel required for the construction of stadia and swimming pools could be much more

sensibly used to build pill-boxes, military roads and bridges in China. No less pleased than the Japanese Army at the turn of events are many of us who felt that Japan, because of her aggression against her neighbor, was no fit host for the Olympics.

If war does not intervene, as it did in 1916, the Games will probably be held at Helsinki. Perhaps, in view of the world's preoccupation with war and rearmament, the program should be changed so that it will be more in the spirit of the times. Full military outfit, including knapsack and rifle, should be *de rigueur* for all events, even swimming; and the hurdles and jumping bars should certainly be replaced by barbed wire. The 'potato-masher' and 'pineapple' should be thrown for both distance and accuracy—here a practical purpose would be served, for it can hardly be maintained that proficiency in throwing the shot, hammer, javelin and discus will further any national interest. Picked squads from the various nations should compete for the laurels in marching—for style, speed and stamina. Another new event, of far more importance today than fencing, would be bayonet handling against very spry, electrically manipulated dummies.

These would, of course, be Spartan, rather than Olympic, Games, and the democracies might not fare very well in the competition.

IF FURTHER PROOF WERE NEEDED that President Vargas of Brazil is not under the thumb of the European dictators, it was provided on June 12th, when Germany suspended all purchases from Brazil. For several years the Nazi régime has been attempting to hog-tie the foreign trade of certain countries by making huge purchases from them and paying in blocked domestic marks, which can be redeemed only in German goods.

The only commodities paid for in the normal way—with foreign *valuta*—were raw materials for the war industries that could be obtained in no other way. Thanks to this system, Germany has gained an almost iron-clad control of the trade of the Balkan nations. Brazil was not slow in discovering that obligation to take payment for the rapidly mounting German purchases in German goods shackled her trade and her exchange arrangements. Having called a halt, she has now incurred the wrath of Berlin and must, for many months to come, suffer rather severely. Since the United States has encouraged Brazil to maintain her economic freedom, we should do everything in our power to take up the slack in her trade that will follow Germany's attempt at 'chastisement.'

It is not in the interest of the United States to permit Fascist influence to become established in Latin America. Having helped Brazil to break Germany's serious economic hold by our loan last year, it is now

our duty to see Brazil through the forthcoming period of economic crisis and readjustment—by another loan, if necessary.

GREAT BRITAIN'S COLONIAL OFFICE supervises the welfare of more than fifty-five million souls, who belong to many different races at different stages of development. In at least six of the thirty-odd colonies, acute discontent among the natives has led to violence during the past twelve months. Parliament has shown profound concern over the increasing troubles and several Royal Commissions have been sent out to report from first-hand observation on their causes and recommend remedies. Reports, and rather shocking ones at that, are beginning to come in. The recent report of the Trinidad Commission on the fundamental causes of the riots on the island last year is a scathing denunciation of the British administration. The report of the Commission which is being sent to Jamaica is likely to be sharper still.

Britain has, in fact, neglected the welfare of the natives of the West Indies, the Gold Coast, Mauritius and other colonies for many years. Everywhere the scales have been weighted in behalf of the plantation owners and employers generally, and British Governors have been more concerned to keep on friendly terms with the ruling aristocracies of their colonies than to improve conditions among the masses of workers. Often, as in Trinidad, seemingly enlightened legislation has been passed in regard to slum clearance, health, workmen's compensation, minimum wages, etc. But the reforms have either remained on paper, or have been robbed of their effects.

The Trinidad Commissioners found that the island's Central Board of Health met twice yearly and delegated its functions to regional medical officers who were often in the employ of the very industrial concerns they were expected to keep up to scratch. And slum clearance in Port of Spain was vested in the city corporation, which is 'composed in part of persons who are owners of, or who have interests in, insanitary property sufficient to create obstruction to schemes for its abolition. . . .' The Trinidad Commission refused to be deceived by claims that 'radicalism' was to blame for the riots. It concluded that responsibility lay rather with the administration for its shortsightedness and negligence in permitting unnecessary poverty to drive the natives to desperation.

Improvements in the Colonial administration seem to be forthcoming, mainly because the disorders have brought its past defects under close scrutiny. Last year, for the first time, a Summer School of Colonial Administration was held in Oxford, attended by some 150 officers of the Colonial Service. And in June of this year, the Colonial Office published an official 'Blue Book' on conditions in the various colonies. The C. O. may hereafter be required to issue a similar report annually.

THE AMERICAN SCENE

PRESIDENTIAL holiday 'good-will' tours across the country just before national primaries or elections generally have at least a modicum of politics behind them. No President has ever denied it, and Mr. Roosevelt is no exception. The tour he has just completed was the most exciting since President Wilson's in 1919 when he tried to rouse the country in favor of the League of Nations. In his last fireside chat Mr. Roosevelt served notice upon the nation that he wished to rid the Congress of 'copperheads,' 'feudalists,' 'economic royalists' and 'tories.' The people, he said, were not opposed merely to frank conservatives, but to the 'yes, but' liberals, those who acquiesce in the general progressive policy of the Administration yet always manage to find reasons for opposing the White House's particular measures. The President has plenty of reason for being displeased with the 'yes, but' men of his own party. It was they—and not the negligible number of regular Republicans in the House and Senate—who killed his reorganization bill, emasculated his anti-monopoly legislation, threw a monkey wrench into his tax reform measures and balked at his new system of Federal and semi-Federal banking. It was they, finally, who strangled his court reform bill, thereby inflicting upon the administration its major defeat.

While President Roosevelt was publicly caressing such staunch New Dealers as Senators Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky and Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, and being publicly incon-

siderate to such 'yes, but' New Dealers as Senator Walter F. George of Georgia and Governor A. B. ('Happy') Chandler of Ohio, Postmaster-General Farley was salmon fishing and dedicating a post-office in Alaska. A strange occupation for the Democratic National Committee chairman just before the September primaries. The only logical explanation is the obvious one, that Mr. Farley is at odds with the White House again. It has long been known that he is against any 'purge' of Senators and Congressmen. He loses little sleep worrying about ideological matters. He is interested in Democratic votes first and last and is convinced that what the Democratic party needs right now is more realism and less idealism, if it wants to return an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress in November. So instead of openly breaking with the White House, he has gone fishing in Alaska—as he went to Ireland right in the heat of the fight over the court reform bill, which, according to several reports, he privately deplored.

Mr. Farley's doubts about the wisdom of the 'purge' and the whole ideology behind it are shared by a large element in his party. Whether this conflict of more than two years' standing will split the Democratic Party in 1940 is any optimist's or pessimist's guess. The founding of Governor Philip LaFollette's National Progressive party has given comfort to the extreme New Dealers who think that if their party does split, the defection of the conserva-

tives will more than be made up by the National Progressives. A cool examination of the new party, however, leads one to serious doubt on this point. The National Progressive party is doing badly. Its platform is so mystical that it has aroused sneers from both the Right and the Left. A national party trying to make its way under such conditions cannot be said to have the seeds of long life in it.

THE AMERICAN Labor Party in New York is having expected difficulties. Mr. David Dubinsky of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union wants Governor Herbert Lehman nominated for the United States Senate instead of Mr. Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. No one nominated Mr. Hillman. His name was merely 'suggested' by someone or other, and apparently Mr. Dubinsky was not consulted, or something of the sort. If this confusion were merely the result of a leak or trial balloon, it would not matter. But it is more serious than that. It brings to the front again the basic weakness of the American Labor Party, namely, that it is no party at all, that it has no principles, not even a unified leadership.

It came into being in 1936 when it polled more than 300,000 votes in the New York elections in support of President Roosevelt and Governor Lehman, and it seemed to gain in strength in 1937 when it endorsed Mayor LaGuardia for reelection and made a handsome showing for him. Sympathetic observers began to speculate what would happen if labor parties were organized in other States and a national American Labor Party

offered a Presidential ticket of its own in 1940. Labor's millennium seemed close at hand.

The cold facts, viewed impartially, alas, indicate a different story. The votes which the Labor Party piled up in New York State for President Roosevelt and Governor Lehman, and in New York City for Mayor LaGuardia mean nothing. The three candidates would in all probability have got these votes anyway. Their election by vast pluralities is merely a sign of their popularity and is practically in no way related to their endorsement by the American Labor Party. The leaders of the A.L.P. pride themselves upon their realism in endorsing such popular candidates. But what good is such realism? It only makes of the A.L.P. an effective tool of the New Deal Democracy.

If the A.L.P. is satisfied with this function, it should frankly admit it and make no pretensions to being anything 'superior.' If it has other ends in view, it should stop being so 'realistic' and become more idealistic. It should decide upon a basic philosophy and present a slate of candidates pledged to that philosophy. A hundred thousand votes gained that way would be more significant than 500,000 gained by tying up with President Roosevelt. A bicycle rider can hold on to an express train and go at sixty miles an hour, but thereby he proves nothing about himself or about his bicycle. Of course, it may be, as some have held, that a consolidated New Deal Democratic party could be of immensely greater use to American labor at the present time than any newly founded labor party. But that is something else again.

—C. A.

Europe's most brilliant newspaper-woman recalls some of her successes.

Scooping *the* World

By GENEVIÈVE TABOUIS

From *Peason's Magazine*
London Popular Monthly

FROM early childhood I have lived in an atmosphere where politics and diplomacy predominated. My maiden name was Le Guesne, which in France is identified with a long line of artists and members of the diplomatic corps. Jules Cambon was my uncle. He was ambassador at Berlin when the Great War broke out in 1914. Half a dozen of my cousins and other near relatives are in the French diplomatic service.

Long before I understood the meaning of the word politics, I was living in a household where famous soldiers, Cabinet Ministers, ambassadors and their entourages came and went, dined and talked of the vital diplomatic topics of the day.

When I went to Geneva nearly seventeen years ago, on a visit to a relative, I had no suspicion that I was about to plunge myself into a new sphere. This political writing, which is now my great interest and my career, started almost as a joke. To amuse myself I attended the first meetings of the League, in which I

was then an idealistic believer. I wrote about those meetings, and my articles were fortunate enough to interest people. I was encouraged to persevere.

Since those days seventeen years ago, I have not missed a single international conference or important meeting of statesmen. Many times what I have written has caused, oh! such great upheavals and angry complaints! But I have become accustomed to them now. When I know that my information and my conclusions are correct, I cannot help it if the publication of them infuriates the people concerned. In one or two cases I have been sorry at the loss of personal friendships through having to publish the truth. But, alas! there are times when such tragedies are unavoidable.

It was not very long after my introduction to the atmosphere of Geneva that I found myself in hot water. That was during one of the most interesting sessions of the League of Nations—that which immediately followed on Germany's entry into the League. I

was staying with the French delegation and met Herr von Schubert, the *Staatssekretär* of the German Foreign Office.

Tall, fresh-complexioned and aristocratic of bearing, he talked to me charmingly, answering the few questions with which I from time to time prompted him. No doubt, with his wide diplomatic experience and his fatherly feeling as a man of the world, he felt it no indiscretion to talk to me frankly of the things which were in his mind and in the minds of many of his countrymen.

I think that women have developed the art of listening much more strongly than men. That is a telling advantage in diplomacy, for much can be learned that way. In the course of his flowing conversation, he declared that it would be a good thing if Alsace-Lorraine once more became German territory—that not only the Germans but the people of the two Provinces thought so.

I went back to my newspaper and wrote that—just as he had said it. Remember, Herr von Schubert held one of the highest official positions in the German diplomatic service. When my paper appeared next morning, there was a terrible row! Herr von Schubert furiously denied that he had ever said such a thing. My editor knew that I was speaking the truth and that I had accurately reported what *was* in the minds of the Germans. He stood by me. Then Herr von Schubert went directly to M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, to complain about me.

I had raised a real hornet's nest about my ears. I was quaking a little as I had to face the fuming French Minister. Stockily built, square-should-

ered, M. Briand strode up and down the room gesticulating angrily. I thought the safest thing to do was to adopt a pose of complete innocence. At last, in his exasperation at my continual reiteration that my words were true, M. Briand stormed:—'Even if he *did* tell you this, you ought to have known better than to write it!'

'Well, you see,' I answered, with my tongue in my cheek, 'I am rather new to these things, and not very experienced in such matters.'

Briand became almost speechless. His only reply was something whose nearest equivalent is that expressive Americanism, 'Oh, *yeab?*' Then he shrugged his shoulders—and with a sad smile gave it up as a bad job.

II

That was not the only time that my editor has had to stand by me. There was the even more sensational occasion when I disclosed the details of the famous Hoare-Laval Pact (so closely guarded a secret that it was said the rest of the British Cabinet learned of it first from my article in my paper *Œuvre*). That disclosure, sadly enough, was immediately followed by the resignation from the British Cabinet of Sir Samuel Hoare, a man for whom I have the highest personal respect.

The Hoare-Laval Pact, as it is now known, was worked out between the two statesmen under the greatest secrecy. When its provisions were conveyed to Signor Mussolini and the Emperor Haile Selassie, there were probably no more than half a dozen men in the world who knew what they were. The basis of the pact was to be an agreement by the Negus to end

war with Italy by ceding a part of Ethiopia to the Italians in return for a part of Italian Eritrea.

I follow the rule that you can only learn by asking, but to know the right questions to ask and to perceive the exact diplomatic moment to ask them—that is the difficulty. But before that psychological moment, I had studied my subject until I knew nearly as much about it as the experts. All there remained for me to learn was the exact area to be offered to the Italians.

During a lunch which was given by a very worldly marquise to diplomats and experts in December, 1936, in Paris, I was seated next to one of the men whom I knew to be an expert engaged in settling the very problem whose answer I wished to know.

For some time our conversation ranged over many subjects, then I steered it around to the Italo-Ethiopian dispute and its possible settlement. Watching my man closely, I saw him enjoying a tender piece of chicken, so that his mind was on that more than anything else. Then, without altering my off-hand tone, I said to him, as though I were completely *au fait* with the question, 'Do you think they will give the Italians as far as thirty-eighth longitude?'

'No,' he answered without thought, still eating his chicken, 'I think it will be up to longitude thirty-nine.'

In that unguarded moment he had given me the key to the whole jig-saw puzzle. I was able to give the full details of the territory which the French and British Ministers had secretly decided to offer Italy's dictator.

'Mussolini has every reason to be satisfied with his bargain,' I wrote. 'It has shown him once again the re-

wards which can be reaped by the determined aggressor.'

M. Laval had all along refused to give any information to the press about the agreement. At the last moment he feared there might be a possibility of my realizing its existence and publishing the facts. He paid me the compliment of remarking to one of his colleagues: 'We must beware of Tabouis. She is dangerous.'

On the very night I wrote my article, M. Laval sent a messenger over to the Paris Bourse at midnight, when copies of the morning papers first come on sale. The messenger hurried back to the Quai d'Orsay with a copy of *Œuvre*, and in it were the full details of the agreement he had reached with Britain's Foreign Minister. Immediately, he realized that a crisis of the first magnitude would result. In a rage he seized a telephone and called the editor of *Œuvre*.

'I have seen the article written by Madame Tabouis in your paper!' he shouted. 'The papers must be stopped!'

My editor stood firm. He said that he was convinced that what I had written was substantially correct and that he was entirely justified in printing it.

'I will send the police around, and arrest Madame Tabouis!' stormed M. Laval.

'That is an affair you will have to manage yourself,' answered my editor. 'We print!'

III

So the now famous article appeared.

It showed that the basis of the secret Hoare-Laval agreement was an 'exchange' of territories between Italy and Ethiopia. It showed that on one side of the 'deal' Mussolini was to

receive over 150,000 square miles of Ethiopia. In return, Haile Selassie would receive nothing more than the harbor of Assab, which was of little commercial or strategic value to anyone.

Immediately the existence of this proposed agreement and its terms became known through my article, there were swift and excited moves in every country concerned. Mussolini at once declared publicly in the Italian Senate that any agreement which would rob him of full sovereignty over the whole of Ethiopia would not be entertained for a moment.

Sir Samuel Hoare resigned. Five weeks later, forced by the revelation that the traditional policy of French coöperation with Great Britain within the framework of the League had been abandoned, the Laval Cabinet resigned as well.

Statesmen continued to declare that all I had said was untrue. I was called many unflattering names. Later, when Mr. Anthony Eden took over at the British Foreign Office, the provisions of the Hoare-Laval Pact were made known, and they were precisely those I had revealed some weeks before.

With Mussolini I have had sharp encounters, on paper and face to face. On several occasions I have taken the extremely irritating liberty of publishing his intentions in Paris several days or weeks before he was ready to announce them. It is no great wonder, then, that the Duce does not love me very much!

When I went to Rome in January, 1935, M. Laval himself presented me to Mussolini at the Palazzo Venezia. Mussolini, short, burly, bull-necked, his uniform glittering with orders and

medals, stood stockstill in front of me, chin thrust forward, arms akimbo.

'Oho!' he exclaimed. 'So *you* are Geneviève Tabouis! Every morning you write very nasty articles about me. Yes, I read them. I don't like your writings—but I like your dress. It is the color of moonlight.'

He added, sticking out the famous chin: 'But your articles on Italy are very unfair!'

I fear that since then I have even further offended the Italian Dictator. The newspapers of his country cannot say anything too terrible about me.

For my part, I did not form a very sympathetic impression of the Duce. The suggestion of brute force behind his aggressive manner left me unimpressed. It seemed to me, as a woman, that this was a mere diplomatic façade, that the appearance of 'toughness' was largely assumed, that it had to be carefully and consciously maintained. Yet I noticed that his affectation of brutal aggressiveness seemed sufficient to bludgeon M. Laval into playing second fiddle to the Duce whenever they met.

I could not help marking the astonishing difference between him and Adolf Hitler, whom I found utterly undistinguished in general appearance. As we talked, there seemed to me an overwhelming disproportion between the man and his vision.

IV

Then came the Spanish revolt.

Throughout 1936, German and Italian propaganda had been directed ceaselessly towards undermining British and French prestige along the Mediterranean, and especially in Morocco. Immediately the Spanish civil

war broke out, Spanish Morocco did indeed become the focal point in these operations.

At first they took the form of surreptitious fomenting of native nationalist ambitions. Then information reached me in Paris that the situation was taking a new and more serious turn. I learned that German engineers, propaganda and military experts had begun to arrive in Spanish Morocco.

News simply flowed in to me about their activities. On the military side, I learned that bases were being constructed along the coast for submarines and seaplanes; airdromes were being laid out for the use of warplanes; gun emplacements were being built in strategic positions; long lines of heavily fortified defense works were being quietly but swiftly thrown up.

And all this on the doorstep of France's African colony, French Morocco!

Along with these military preparations, my information revealed that propaganda was being used to undermine the administration of the adjoining French colony. Anti-French propaganda was being assiduously spread among the native tribes and among the French native troops. Imaginary grievances were created and false information disseminated. Special attention was directed to fostering discontent in the French Foreign Legion, where no less than 40 per cent of the rank and file and half of the non-commissioned officers were of German extraction.

With all this information coming to me almost daily, I was convinced that a German *coup* in Morocco was imminent. More serious still, I believed that such a *coup* in a strategic area immediately adjoining a French sphere

of influence could only result in war, when the eyes of the French nation were suddenly opened to the peril.

Then, in January, 1937, still further information reached me of Hitler's intention to invade Spanish Morocco with German troops. I had the facts and figures necessary to expose the whole plot. I believed that it was in the vital interest of France to do so. So, on January 9th I wrote the article which gave away the whole story of Hitler's secret aims in Morocco.

I gave accurate details regarding the number of the detachments of Reichswehr which had already been landed at Ceuta and Mellila. I described the careful organization which had been prepared for their billeting. I revealed that 3,000 more German troops were already on the way. Aided by information I had gathered through my own private channels, I told how these troops had been dispatched from Munich, how they would be secretly transported to Morocco by way of Austria and Italy.

That article created a sensation in every chancellery in Europe. The German press and radio accused me of being a Jewess and of trying to bring off a *coup* on the Stock Exchange by the publication of my fantastic stories.

There was a terrible concerted attack on me. But more important, it brought about the very series of events for which I had hoped, which the blunt exposures of my article had been deliberately designed to secure. Its sensational statements focused the attention of every European Government on Germany's movements. The journey of the detachment of 3,000 German Reichswehr *via* Austria became a matter of international interest. French battleships, cruisers and

destroyers steamed hurriedly to the Moroccan coast.

Germany was faced by the fact that the cat was out of the bag. She could no longer land these troops in Morocco without running the gauntlet of the French fleet and advertising her intentions to the whole world. It was too big a risk for even Hitler to take. He climbed down. The 3,000 men were recalled, and other thousands of German troops had their orders countermanded.

V

But of all the dramatic events in recent years in Europe, where I have watched history develop from my place behind the scenes, Herr Hitler's march into the Rhineland was outstanding for the ever-growing tenseness of the situation, and the vital issues involved. There were many in the inner circle of French politics who could see only one outcome of such a *coup*—war.

From the beginning of 1934, reports coming from Germany convinced me that Hitler had the remilitarization of the Rhineland under serious contemplation. The only questions remaining to be answered were, *how* would he carry out his plan, and *when*?

I found that the number of German soldiers 'on leave' in the Rhineland was steadily mounting. Soon there were more uniformed men stationed in the area than at any time since the war. War-time barracks, which had been turned into cheap flats, were being evacuated and left unoccupied.

Finally, I was informed that certain detachments of Reichswehr which had completed their normal terms of service had been issued mobilization

vouchers authorizing them to rejoin their units in towns *inside the demilitarized zone*.

From diplomatic contacts in Paris I learned further that many questions were being discreetly put to them and to French travelers in Germany by various German authorities, with the obvious intention of securing an accurate gauge of French opinion. The question they wished to answer for Berlin was, 'If German troops march into the Rhine zone, will France declare war?'

At the beginning of 1935, M. Laval, then Foreign Minister, became alarmed, and instructed the French Ambassador in Berlin, M. François-Ponçet, to inform the German Chancellor and Baron von Neurath that if the Reich decided to remilitarize the Rhineland without negotiation, France would be forced to take the gravest measures. The warning was repeated in a similar communication a few months later.

Conversations at a private dinner-party given by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, as he then was, in London to French Cabinet Ministers who had attended the funeral of King George, showed me that indecision between the French and British Ministers was militating in favor of a Hitler *coup*. After these private talks between M. Flandin, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Anthony Eden, the position might have been summed up like this:—

M. Flandin asked: 'How will the British Government act if Germany marches into the Rhineland in violation of the Locarno Pact?'

To which the British replied laconically: 'What will the *French* do? It is no use discussing our policy until we know that.'

Immediately upon M. Flandin's return to France, a meeting of the Supreme Military Committee was called at the Ministry of War. The council was informed of the British attitude and invited to give its reply. As a result of its decision, M. Flandin was authorized to inform the British Government that France was prepared to take any necessary action if Germany persisted in her plans and remilitarized the Rhineland.

There then occurred one of those unaccountable leakages of confidential information which changed the whole course of events. From some source or another, the Wilhelmstrasse received information of this tacit agreement between Britain and France to act firmly if Germany were to carry out her Rhineland plans. Herr Hitler now saw that the longer he waited, the closer would be the accord between France and Britain.

The German Chancellor, however, was clever enough to lull public opinion in the two countries by conciliatory speeches and interviews. M. Flandin, impressed by this more friendly attitude, instructed M. François-Ponçet to invite Herr Hitler to state frankly what he had in mind regarding possible negotiations on the Rhineland question.

I learned that in the course of his meeting with Herr Hitler M. François-Ponçet had been surprised to find him in an obviously nervous and indecisive frame of mind. The Führer, I was told, appeared hesitant one moment, effusively reassuring the next. And when the Ambassador took his leave, Herr Hitler was careful to ask him to make no mention outside of their conversation. The simple details of that interview told me, beyond any shadow

of doubt, that whether he even admitted it to himself or not, Herr Hitler had already decided to reoccupy the Rhineland by means of a single, sudden, 'neck-or-nothing' military *coup*.

I can imagine just what the taking of that decision must have cost Adolf Hitler. He took it in defiance of all the reasoning of the experts—military, political, economic. He followed the dictates of his own instinct.

He said to his military advisers: 'France will not move a finger in retaliation. It will be unnecessary for you even to issue ammunition to your troops; there will be no shots fired.'

One of his generals, overwhelmed at the risk a semi-armed Germany was taking, in face of the powerful forces ranged against her, protested:—

'But if France *does* launch her completely equipped armies against us?'

Herr Hitler replied: 'If France marches as the result of my decision, I will commit suicide, and the General Staff can give the order to withdraw our troops.'

On March 7th, 1936, German troops entered the Rhineland. M. Flandin has himself told me that French public opinion has rarely shown itself so divided on a major national issue. The French Government felt it lacked the united support of the people; its own members held widely differing views about the way the situation should be handled. So Hitler's instinct triumphed. France protested, threatened, sought advice, appealed to Britain—and did nothing.

Can you wonder that the thrill of watching these dramatic events at close quarters, of mixing with the very men who are making history, has caught me so tightly in its grip that I am now wedded to this work?

A preview of the Spain that would follow Franco's victory; and an interview with his 'volunteer' flyers.

Spanish Tragedy: Act III

I. IF FRANCO WINS

By S.

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

NATIONALIST Spain has not yet received a written Constitution; but the main organs of government have been functioning long enough to give a fairly clear idea of the system under which—given a victory for General Franco's arms—the new Spain will be ruled. In a comparatively short time a totalitarian structure of surprising completeness has been evolved. The distinctions between Legislature and Executive, between Government and Party, and between military and civilian have been blurred. The stress of war demanded this unity; the Falange leaders, the masses behind them, strove for it; political advisers from abroad aided and abetted; and the people, without losing their personal dignity or their lively humor, have submitted to the exigencies of the situation.

Nationalist Spain is a dictatorship. General Franco, the dictator, is head of the State, head of the Government, head of the only political party and

Commander-in-Chief of the land, air and sea forces. He is responsible for the conduct of policy, administration and war. This accumulation of powers in his hands insures that the relations between Government, Party and armed forces shall be harmonious and that no troublesome problems shall be allowed to arise until the war has been won. The Generalissimo is the cornerstone of the new State.

Since February, General Franco has presided over a Cabinet on the European pattern, consisting of eleven Ministers, each of whom is responsible for a State Department. The Junta Tecnica, the pioneer body of law-givers that laid the foundations of the State, has gone forever. The vast sum of its empirical legislation is at the disposal of the new Ministry; and it is to be expected that any further changes will take place without affecting the basic structure of government as it exists today. The new Cabinet was formed after careful consideration of

the varied elements that have given their support to the Nationalist movement. It contains men whose past activities have been Monarchist, Traditionalist, Fascist or even non-political. The association of the three leading politicians in the present Cabinet—Señors Cuesta and Suñer, and Count Rodezno—would have been unthinkable two years ago. Had it existed then, the civil war might have been averted.

The Cabinet follows its course without any direct consultation of the people. There is only one channel for the expression of public opinion, and that lies through the *Falanga Española Tradicionalista*. The *F.E.T.* was formed nearly a year ago by the fusion of the Falange and the Requetés, the Fascists and Traditionalists of pre-war days. On its foundation it was described as 'the sole political entity in the State' and as intermediary between the State and Society. When the Statutes were published it was seen that all the armed forces of the nation had been enrolled in the Party *en bloc*.

Any body of opinion which lies outside the *F.E.T.* has no means of public expression. There is little possibility of disagreement between the Government and the *F.E.T.*, since the same men are at the head of both. The supreme authority in the Party is the National Council. General Franco is its President, Señor Cuesta its General Secretary. The Council meets to pronounce on the fundamental bases of the movement and on any question submitted to it by the head of the State. It has no power for effective opposition, because the fifty Councillors are appointed by General Franco and can be removed by him at will. Many

measures, particularly those dealing with social questions, such as the Charter of Labor, were exhaustively examined by the National Council before being published in their final form.

II

While the people have little to say to the Government, the Government has plenty to say to the people. A steady volume of propaganda—by press, radio, poster and symbol—keeps fresh in Spanish minds the reality of a long battle-front that might otherwise wither into an endless bad dream. A flood of words pours from the presses every day. War news is given first place, though owing to the censorship it is far from informative.

Little foreign news reaches the Spaniards and it is of uneven value. The usual channels whereby it reaches Spain are the official German and Italian agencies. These purvey regular and alarming intelligence of the internal problems of France and Russia, which is quoted without comment and with little discrimination. The treatment of England is seldom unfriendly, though difficulties of the British Government in Egypt and in Palestine are followed with exaggerated concern. A few papers are published under sectional auspices. The Falange produces a sumptuous periodical called *Hierarchia*, intended for the serious reading public. Some of the matter is of value, and some, even after the twentieth reading, still sounds suspiciously like nonsense.

Radio, ever since its introduction, has been a formidable addition to the lively cacophony of the Spanish scene; now it maintains a steady volume of noise in the service of the State. *Radio*

Salamanca produces a religious hush for news of special interest by prefacing it with two signature tunes. One is the Laurel and Hardy march. The other is the *Big Bad Wolf*.

Every day the Spanish radio addresses itself to the outside world and to Republican Spain. News is broadcast in English, French, German and Italian, while Moorish speakers harangue listeners in Morocco from Seville. The broadcasts addressed to the enemy contain a nightly recital of menus from the hotels of Nationalist Spain, in the hopes that the Madrileño, sitting down to his supper of chick-peas and rice, will torment himself with the knowledge that soup, eggs, fish and veal are being eaten within an hour's drive from his front door.

The number of patriotic posters is increasing. Bread and justice are favorite themes with Falange artists. The Requetés continue to emphasize religious issues. In most of the poorer cafés notices are hung up forbidding political discussions, while in the Basque Provinces the use of any language but 'the language of Cervantes' comes under a similar ban. Women are urged to conceal their arms and help 'in purifying the atmosphere.'

At one time it appeared that the campaign for decorum in public life was being carried to extremes. The San Sebastian authorities did their best to ruin bathing by decreeing the use of a regulation costume which covered neck, knees and elbows. The story goes that one public-spirited gentleman was arrested for 'insulting the police' when he emerged from a bath dressed in super-regulation style, top-hat, spats and gloves. A more liberal attitude is now prevailing.

The Nationalist authorities have applied the same standards to the schools. A recent circular issued by the Ministry of Education declares that neither the compulsory teaching of religion nor the reintroduction of crucifixes into schools is enough. 'The whole school atmosphere must be influenced and directed by the doctrine of Christ.' The teaching of patriotism must consist in the exaltation of the past and present glories of Spain. The child must learn that life is '*milicia*,' meaning sacrifice, struggle, discipline and austerity.

III

An economic organization based on Fascist models is being evolved by the Nationalists. The Fascists were the only political group in the country which entered the war on the Nationalist side with an economic program. They have clung to their ideas and their efforts have been seconded by close coöperation with the 'Friendly Powers.' Association encourages emulation.

The Fascist program, as laid down in the twenty-seven points of the Falange, was conceived in very general terms. It looked forward to a future in which Spain would be a 'gigantic syndicate of producers.' It repudiated both Marxism and capitalism, both the class war and the domination of one class by another. It approved of all private initiative that was compatible with the interests of the whole people; and of the tendency toward nationalization of the banks and, by means of Corporations, of the public services. Every Spaniard was declared to have the right and duty to work. Agriculture was promised encouragement.

Landowners and industrialists may be nervous of its more radical clauses; peasants and workers may remain sceptical. But the activity of the Falange in all fields of social policy has been conspicuous, particularly in the organization of relief. Last March the principles underlying the Falange program were deliberately restated in the Charter of Labor.

The greater part of economic reconstruction must wait until the end of the war. Great difficulties stand in the way. The shadow of war has fallen on the entire industrial equipment of the country. Every enterprise that can be adapted to military ends has been so adapted. The others are urged to produce for export, and thus furnish the State with the foreign exchange that is necessary for the purchase of 'essential' imports. Such imports are still coming into the country, though not all of them will be found in port registers when the war ends. At present, most of this abnormal trade is unproductive and justifiable only by the exceptional circumstances of war; though intensification of trade relations with the 'Friendly Countries' will no doubt become more profitable in the long run. There are many foreigners in Spain who expect to stay considerably longer than the 'duration.'

The process of economic reorganization must necessarily be slow and provisional. Last year the Wheat Service Corporation was set up to regulate the production and distribution of wheat on a national scale. The Corporation can dictate to farmers the area to be sown and, with certain small reservations regarding seed, the manner in which the product is to be distributed. There is no longer direct contact between the producer and the

manufacturer. The farmer sells his product to the local branch of the Corporation at a price fixed by it. The Corporation has not yet been functioning for a full agricultural year, and the degree of success which it has achieved cannot yet be properly estimated.

IV

War-time conditions have led to a strange mixture of wealth and poverty in Nationalist Spain. The provision of food is highly satisfactory. Almost from the beginning of the war General Franco has held the cattle regions of Galicia and Estremadura and the wheat fields of Old Castile. The urban centers of Central and Eastern Spain no longer provide a market for the meat and grain of the West, all of which is available for consumption in Nationalist territory. The fishermen of the Atlantic coast search the seas without fear of molestation. Every day a convoy of lorries leaves the shores of Galicia laden with fish and shell-fish, which are packed in ice, and conveyed to the inland centers. The wine regions of Jerez and Logroño now find their export surplus increased, since half of Spain no longer consumes their products.

Apart from food there is a scarcity amounting at times to complete dearth. Silk goods are almost unobtainable. Most of the finer textile materials are scarce. All cars have been requisitioned by the State, and the few private owners who remain must have a special license from the military authorities stating that their cars have been returned to them for a specific purpose. Petrol is available in sufficient quantity, though spare parts, and indeed all manufactured goods,

are not. Books are scarce, since most of the Spanish publishing firms were established in Madrid and Barcelona.

Economic policy has been directed to keeping the cost of living down to its pre-war level as much as possible. Prices are rigorously controlled by the local authorities and may not be raised without official permission. The heavy fines that have been inflicted for breach of regulations in this respect are a proof that the control is real.

Victory in the field, comparative economic prosperity and propaganda have done wonders in Insurgent Spain. A country torn and divided by political and economic strife has suppressed most of its former quarrels, but differences of opinion still persist. Despite the official amalgamation of Falange and Requetés a year ago, the movements still represent different attitudes. The Requetés, heirs of the monarchical and clerical traditions of Spain, look back on a century of struggle with the liberal State.

The Falange, on the other hand, like the kindred Fascist movements in Germany and Italy, grew up recently as a challenge to Communism. It is young and proud of its modernity. Different in origin, the two movements are different in their approach to modern problems.

It would be idle to deny that there are many landowners and industrial-

ists who would find their privileges curtailed by a rigorous application of the Falange program. But so far neither the partition of the large estates nor the nationalization of finance and industry has been made the subject of thorough discussion. But both these groups prefer the 'revolutionary' policy of the Falange to expropriation without compensation.

The Falange, on the other hand, has made concessions to the point of view of its partners. Each successive Party declaration lays greater stress on the importance of the Catholic Church in the life of the nation. It has frequently been stated, on high authority, that the Falange would no longer oppose a return to Monarchy. Thus there is a possibility that the military alliance between Falange and Requeté will result in a lasting compromise. General Franco is clearly determined to secure it; on this issue he will stand or fall.

The Nationalists have little to fear from the Spanish workers and peasants. Deprived of their leaders, the laborers who fought desperately for the Left two years ago are now cheering the achievements of the Right. Much of their passion for politics in recent years has been superficial, though violent. There seems to be little doubt that the Spanish laborer will assimilate Fascism, while remaining stubbornly faithful to himself.

II. VOLUNTEERS FOR MURDER

By ILYA EHRENBURG

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

IN THE heart of Barcelona stand dozens of shattered houses. Staircases hang in space like unfinished

spirals. The passerby can look into a room through a no longer existent wall and see a crushed bedstead, a

clock, a child's chair, as if they were on the stage. Nearby, in the small house as yet unharmed by bombs, a man is making a model of the bombed city to be exhibited in London. He is a master craftsman. Once he used to make other models, of Greek temples and Roman arenas ravaged by time. Now, in careful detail, he is reproducing the ruins of his own city.

Yesterday I spent a whole day with some of the men who are responsible for those ruins—with captured Italian and German aviators. Some are glibble fools and some are cynical murderers. The Italians are chatterboxes, thoughtless and good-natured. They repeat hastily a few phrases they have learned by heart and then pass on to the subject of girls and the weather. The Germans are methodical and steeped to the marrow in propaganda. One thing holds them together, simpletons and fanatics alike, the Neapolitans and the Prussians: they all came to Spain to fight the Spanish people, or, as they say, to help the Spanish people; but not one of them knows anything of Spain or has read any Spanish writers. They are not interested in Spain's history, or curious about its form of government. One of them told me that Azaña is an Anarchist. Another insisted that Miguel Cervantes is a Spanish general. Yet they are representatives of two proud empires.

Gino Poggi is a merry, sensible youth of twenty-two, a lawyer's son. He got his education in a commercial school, and upon being called up for his military service, became an aviator. In December, 1937, Gino was checking his instruments at the Bologna airdrome. He was told: 'Tomorrow morning you will go to Rome and

then. . . .' Gino didn't even have time to say goodbye to his parents. From Rome he went to Majorca, then to Seville, then to Logroño. There he joined a crew of thirty Italian bombing pilots commanded by an Italian, Colonel Vintincelli.

'Tell me, do you like what you are doing—killing women?' Gino shakes his head.

'All of us thought it was disgusting. Even Colonel Vintincelli thought so.' Gino wrinkles his childish forehead. 'At first the life was easy and I never had to think. A man doesn't think when life is easy. But now. . . .'

He is not a shepherd from Abruzzi, but a student of Bologna. But I see a strange light in his eye and am the witness of the first thought being born in the head of this child of twenty-two years. Suddenly he blurts out: 'This is all so unjust. . . .'

II

Heinz Klavery is twenty-three years old, though he looks not more than eighteen. He is a curly-haired, blue-eyed lad from Berlin. He used to be a typesetter, but books are not cannon and there are many unemployed typesetters in Germany nowadays. He had to change his trade. Heinz took evening courses and became a radio operator. After a while, he was asked to go to Spain. The promise of 50 marks in advance induced him to sign up. He kept his departure for Spain a secret from his parents, because he was afraid of distressing them. He took a German ship to Lisbon and proceeded to Burgos. He was paid 150 Marks every month and never was interested in politics, never read the papers. He is engaged

to a girl in Berlin: 'I never looked at a woman in Spain. . . .' As a matter of fact, he never looked at anything in Spain. 'In Burgos we always stayed with our own company of Germans. We even ate German dinners—with *Salzkartoffeln*. . . .' Fascism? Democracy? Not at all. One hundred and fifty Marks and *Salzkartoffeln*.

Willy Hesse comes from Dresden. His father was a salesman. He came to Spain in the very beginning, in October, 1936. Willy is as little interested in politics as Heinz. He reads only the sport pages in the papers. 'I'm crazy about one thing—flying.' At first he was a mail pilot, then he was told: 'How about doing some serious work? When the war is over, you will have a permanent position on the airline from Seville to the Canary Islands.' Willy began to do serious work. Every day he took off in his Heinkel 111 to bomb Spanish towns. At the Alfaro airdrome there were more than thirty German bombers—the so-called Condor legion. Everything went well, if not for the Spanish towns, at least for the German flyers. In March, however, Willy had to make a forced landing and was taken prisoner. He never used to read. Now, he found enough time to read and even to think. He is a pessimist, somewhat in Spengler's vein.

'Europe is a sort of witch's sabbath. After a while, the yellow race will gain supremacy and destroy everything.'

When it is pointed out to him that the white and not the yellow race is destroying Spain, Willy sighs in distress: 'I never threw bombs. I am just a pilot. Others threw bombs. As for me, it is as I told you. I'm only crazy about flying. . . .'

Alfonso Caraccioli was taken pris-

oner only three weeks ago. He did not come to Spain until February, 1938. His father has famous vineyards near Naples. Alfonso studied law, but dreamed of other things. 'I wanted to be a famous aviator, and in aviation, you don't get very far unless there is war. So I came here.'

'Do you know anything about Spain?'

'Why, of course—bull fights, serenades. . . .'

With this store of knowledge, highly cultured Alfonso—who, by the way, speaks several languages and has a thorough knowledge of Roman law—began to help Spain. I asked him: 'What is your personal opinion about the bombing of open cities?'

Alfonso smiled politely. 'As a man, I am against it, but as a flyer. . . .'

III

Periclo Baruffi is the son of a big official. He comes from Rome, was graduated from the military academy and is a lieutenant in the Italian Army. His Fiat was downed in May near Balaguer. He is very polite and very stupid. His idiotic reflections are full of truly Southern lightheartedness. For example, he insists that he has read Marx and did not like him.

'What, specifically, did you read?'

'Oh, this and that. What is Marxism? Let me explain it to you. A factory owner puts capital and labor into an enterprise and Marx wants the workers to burn up the factory.'

After this little survey of economics, Periclo passes on to international politics. 'Everybody knows that the Mediterranean Sea belongs to us. That means that all the nations surrounding it must become Fascist. We don't

care so much about Norway (*sic!*), but of course France and England are a different matter. . . .

However, international politics soon tires our intellectual giant, and he adds with self-effacing modesty: 'In the meanwhile, we are helping our Spanish brothers.'

Francesco Leoncini abandoned his career as a traveling salesman to become an aviator. He has no forehead. Everything else is correct—eyes, ears and chin. But the forehead has been omitted. This little peculiarity does not give him any too spiritual an appearance. He was sent to Spain by an official organization, S.I.A.I., which initials, Francesco with some effort interprets as *Sindicato Italiano Aiuto Iberia*—Italian Union to Aid Spain. Francesco began his aid to Iberia in April, 1937.

'Did you think . . .?' I begin. He interrupts me: 'I didn't think. The authorities do that.'

I look at his skull, which slopes directly into his eyebrows, and ask: 'Then what do you use your head for?'

'Only for running the engine. The authorities have bigger heads than mine. They do the thinking. They never make mistakes.'

It is a little difficult to talk with a man who is proud of his inability to think. Still, I go on questioning him about Fascism, war, the future. Finally, he pronounces: 'When Fascists in France start anything, we'll help them too, because things are much more settled if everybody is Fascist.'

Luigi Marriotti is a foreman's son who has outgrown his class and despises the common people. He used to be a student in Turin, and became an aviator. His remarks about the Span-

ish Fascists are full of contempt: 'The lazy parasites.' He says directly: 'I am fighting here for Italy's sacred interests.'

When I remind him of the murdered women and children, Luigi giggles ironically: 'And whose fault is it? The Reds! Why don't they evacuate the population from the big cities?'

I recall to him the fact that the Italians killed women and children after they had been moved to the tiny town of Granollers. He smiles incredulously and says: 'The Reds arranged that themselves. How about a cigarette?'

IV

Leo Siegmund comes from Heidenburg in East Prussia. He is twenty-nine years old, of well-to-do parents. He smiles slyly behind his reddish beard and lies with every word. 'I wanted to travel and to see other countries. That is why I came to Spain.'

In short, we have before us a tourist interested in the beauties of Seville and Granada. However, this tourist is at the same time a regular Major in the German Army. When I ask him about Spain, he shrugs his shoulders, suddenly forgetting his tourist's curiosity. 'I am not interested in Spain. I am a German.'

Hans Karlewsky is also of the well-to-do. His father is a doctor, but his uncle is a General in the cavalry. Hans decided to model himself on the uncle. He, too, flew a Heinkel 111. He explains his activities in Spain by diplomatic and humanitarian reasons. 'In the beginning of the Revolution, many German merchants in Barcelona were injured. Germany was forced to intervene.'

He remembers happily the shelling of Almeria: 'We revenged the German sailors.'

'But you killed women there!'

'Not at all. That was not in the German papers. I read and believe only the German papers.'

Although as an aviator he does not wear spurs, his uncle, the cavalry General, can well be proud of his nephew.

Kurt Kettner is from Brandenburg, an architect's son, white-faced, with dull shifty eyes, a lieutenant in the German Army, an observer on a Heinkel 111. He came to Spain in October, 1936, and was captured on March 10, 1938. He whispers with hatred: 'The Russians are our sworn enemies.' There are drops of sweat on his forehead as he repeats his racist catechism: 'One race, one history.'

'The Germans here are fighting together with the Italians, Spanish Fascists and Moors. It's not precisely one history, is it? Or one race?'

'Naturally, it is not pleasant, but anything to destroy the Marxists!'

He has read a little. He is not only a murderer, but a propagandist as well. When he takes a book in hand, he knows beforehand what is written in it. He has read Hugo, 'because Hugo describes the disintegration of France.' He has not read Tolstoy, nor does he ever intend to read him. 'He stinks.' His philosophy is as follows:

'There will always be war. I believe in God and I believe that God wants war. Of course, not the God in the Bible, but our God. War is eternal.'

He wipes his forehead with his sleeve, this fanatic of death, and chokes with hatred. I ask him: 'Did you bomb the Spanish towns?'

He laughs. He says: 'Still the same old sob-stories about *mujeres e niños*? We were speaking in German, but these words he purposely says in Spanish as he laughs. 'What rot!'

'What about Barcelona, Granollers, Alicante?'

'Nonsense! *Mujeres e niños*!' He looks at the wall map where tiny flags mark the line of the Front and grins happily. His dull eyes are like the eyes of a drunkard.

One of the German aviators said contemptuously about the Spaniards: 'They are such savages!'

But the marvelous Renaissance church in Alicante was destroyed by Germans and Italians. They have destroyed the laboratories of Barcelona's universities. They have razed to the ground dozens of libraries and schools.

I asked Karlewsky, who had had some education: 'Did you ever read Thomas Mann?' He, in turn, asked me wonderingly, 'Who is that?' Not one of the prisoners, all of them children of well-to-do parents, knew the names of Velazquez, Goya, Lope de Vega or Calderon. Moreover, they were not in the least ashamed of their ignorance. Periclo Baruffi, representing the flower of Rome's youth, told me simply: 'We know only what we are supposed to know.'

Those are the men who are destroying Spain.

This Japanese diplomat replies to President Roosevelt's recent charge that peace is most greatly jeopardized 'in and by' the dictatorships.

Glass-House Democracy

By TOSHIO SHIRATORI

From *Contemporary Japan*
Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has thrown down a gauntlet to the so-called 'totalitarian' States in words sounding somewhat like President Wilson's famous 'making the world safe for democracy.' No serious blame need be attached to Mr. Roosevelt's statement, if it was employed in order to justify the huge armament program which he was going to propose to the Congress as a means of facilitating the solution of internal economic and social difficulties. But if it was intended to serve as the guiding principle for the foreign policy of the United States, it might have far-reaching repercussions in international politics. The whole world is anxious to know whether or not American public opinion will approve of such a policy, for on that issue may possibly depend the question whether the world is to be again plunged into the maelstrom of a universal war.

There was a time when it seemed as

if democracy were the last word as a system of government, and that the standard of culture of a given country might be measured by the extent to which a democratic rule was realized in that country. However, the political ideals of a nation or a race are intimately and inseparably bound up with the character and more especially the history of that people; and a principle which is suitable to one country is not necessarily so to another. As a matter of fact, even in the heyday of democracy, so-called parliamentarism was in many countries realized only to a very limited extent. That would seem to prove that democracy is by no means an ideal form of government, transcending time and place.

It was, significantly, in those post-War days when the democratic countries were in a position economically and militarily to dominate the entire world, that there arose everywhere grave doubts concerning, and open

challenges to, democracy. Russia with its Bolshevik revolution led in the revolt against democracy; then came Italy and Germany, where governments were established in downright opposition to parliamentarism. In Japan, also, the tide has turned against that liberalism and democracy which once swept over the nation. The once widely accepted theory of government which sees in parliament the real center of power now has been completely rejected and the country is fast reverting to totalitarianism, which has been the fundamental principle of Japan's national life for the past thirty centuries.

It is small wonder that, in the eyes of those who believe in democracy as the highest political ideal, the world today should seem to be on the road of retrogression. Scholars and thinkers are at liberty to deplore this new trend and to do all in their power to defend democracy. Any country is at liberty to endeavor to preserve its own political structure. But there is no justification for countries possessing similar political ideas to join hands and challenge other countries with political systems different from their own.

Such a course cannot but throw into still greater confusion an international situation which is already chaotic enough. Both Italy and Germany, the most typical of totalitarian States, have long proclaimed that their systems of government are not for export. The Communists at Moscow, on the contrary, are bent upon bringing about a Communist revolution throughout the world. It would be most regrettable for the sake of world peace if America, which regards herself as the home of democracy, should

undertake to emulate Moscow's course in this respect.

Current criticisms of Fascism seem to be based mainly on the fact that the totalitarian States are placed under a dictatorship which completely suppresses the liberty of individuals, but also on the fact that these so-called 'Have-Not' States are greatly dissatisfied with existing conditions in the world and are striving by all possible means to bring about a change in the *status quo*. May it not be necessary, however, to ponder a little more deeply upon these two points? In the first place, both Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini may be very great men, but to my mind the essential point in the national systems of Germany and Italy lies not in the fact of the personal dictatorship of these statesmen, but rather in the political theories they have evolved, which are being accepted willingly by the majorities of their respective peoples. Whether or not a statesman has the nation behind him is a matter that cannot be judged merely by the form of government. On the other hand, it cannot be said that in the so-called democratic countries, government is always being run by the will of the majority of the people. After all, is not democracy a form of government which is satisfied with the next best in the absence of the best?

II

The principal point of difference between democracy and Fascism lies in the status of the individual. It is a doctrine of democracy that each individual person is a king unto himself. He is like a tree striking its roots into the ground, there being no organic relationship between one individual with

another, or between the individual and the whole. Government is held to be a necessary evil, the ideal being a state of anarchy. But, according to the philosophy of totalitarianism, the state or nation is, to carry further the above simile, one large tree of which individuals constitute the branches and leaves. A branch, or a leaf, has its own functions and has, within the whole, its own being and significance. However, it cannot live apart from the whole, and must always and willingly sacrifice itself if necessary for the sake of the whole.

Such is the political philosophy on which the new systems of Germany and Italy are based, and such also has been the basic principle of the national system of Japan for millenniums past. It warms our hearts to see ideas that have influenced our race for so long embodied in the systems of those modern States of Europe. The principle is not likely to perish in Germany or Italy, whatever may be the fortunes of individual statesmen. Japan has had no other principle than this since the beginning of her history, although there have been certain external modifications in the governmental form under the influence of political ideas imported from abroad. This totalitarian national principle—or national polity—is to the Japanese people a thing eternal and immutable. So they feel, and so they believe. No external pressure, no amount of criticism can ever shake this national faith of Japan.

Most likely the criticisms directed by democratic countries against totalitarian States originate not so much in theoretical considerations as in the fact that these latter countries happen to be among the Have-Nots as re-

gards material resources, and consequently they are compelled to adopt expansionist policies that beget fear and hatred. Viewed from this standpoint, too, the general condemnation of totalitarian States cannot be regarded as just. The future peace of mankind does not depend, as President Roosevelt says, on the growth and diffusion of democracy, but rather on how well the democracies understand Fascism and what attitude they adopt toward the totalitarian States.

III

Japan, Germany and Italy, the three greatest totalitarian countries of the world, have concluded an anti-Comintern pact, the sole aim of which repeatedly has been declared by the three Powers to be common defense against the Communist International and its schemes of world revolution. The moment the Communistic forces so destructive to civilization disappear from the world, the Three-Power Agreement will lose the object for which it was concluded.

It goes without saying that Japan, Germany and Italy have no thought of forming a united front against democratic countries. It is only by chance that the three nations, poor in natural resources, are obliged to seize every opportunity for legitimate expansion abroad. It is understandable that this should occasion apprehension, however ungrounded, on the part of the Have nations. But it is as unreasonable as it is inexcusable that democratic countries, despite the absence of any injury or threat of injury to themselves, should, from a preconceived notion of their own, place a false construction on the intentions

of the Have-Not countries and attempt to check and suppress their activities at every turn. Such an attitude will only drive these countries beyond the bounds of their original pact and compel them to collaborate in self-defense along more general lines.

Rich nations behave very much like rich men. Because they have money, it is right for them to possess huge armaments. But as for the poor countries, to raise money for national defense is wrong, and it must be ascribed to base motives! To criticize and judge others is the prerogative of the rich nations, and they alone are capable of helping weak nations and educating backward peoples. It is an act of sacrilege for the Have-Nots to try to undertake a sacred task of this kind. There can be no other motive than a selfish one when they attempt such a thing. A treaty, once signed by a Have-Not nation through temporary weakness or imprudence, is sacred and inviolable. Its observance is insisted upon with the inexorableness of a Shylock demanding his pound of flesh.

It is due to such an attitude of the Have Powers that there prevails so much unrest among nations, just as the cupidity of rich men is often to blame for social discontent and discord within a country. If the Haves desire to keep what they have, it behooves them to show a little more humility, honesty and frankness. World peace can never be secured simply by insisting upon international justice as measured by cut-and-dried rules. Richer nations should assume a more sympathetic attitude toward the Have-Not nations, should show more appreciation of their circumstances, their

national aspirations, and their environments. Above all, they should refrain from hasty criticism. It should be possible to let the Have-Nots realize their legitimate aspirations without having the interests of the Haves unduly impaired.

IV

Viewed from any angle, the real menace to the democracies will not necessarily come from the so-called totalitarian States. The time is long past when dictatorship was the arch-enemy of democracy. The true danger to democracy lies in Communism. Two years ago, at the Comintern Congress convened in Moscow, a resolution was passed to invite liberals and democrats in all countries to join forces with the Communists for the formation of the Popular Front. Here is something that calls for deep reflection by all who are honestly concerned about the future of democracy. The Bolsheviks have an uncanny and almost superhuman sense for spotting who are their friends and who are their enemies. They hoist on high the banner of anti-Fascism because it is this political creed which is fundamentally incompatible with the materialistic philosophy on which their own political tenets have been founded.

Democracy, on the other hand, even when it takes the form of the capitalism which they detest, has at bottom a common philosophy of life with Communism. Materialistic interpretation of history, selfish individualism and the doctrine of class war are all elements which on examination will be revealed as common to both. It should not be forgotten that the teachings of Karl Marx are hard to reject if we

take a purely materialistic view of human society. And it is an undeniable fact that many countries where democracy is hailed and liberalism is cherished are tending steadily toward the Left. It is only a question of time until they are communized, unless they cast aside their materialistic view of life, and embrace the philosophy of the new age.

Viewed even from the standpoint of the material welfare of the masses, is it not precisely in democratic countries like America that the unemployed are more numerous than elsewhere? Before vaunting their political system, let the leaders of the democratic countries reflect on the fact that their domestic conditions, social and economic, are anything but satisfactory despite the unlimited material resources at their disposal. The world moves on, not stopping for an instant. To believe that any one political formula or any given economic or social order will for ever serve as a panacea

is to ignore at once both cosmic truth and human history. The world today stands at the cross-roads, where it must choose between Communism and totalitarianism; or at least, where it must compromise with one or the other.

Americans and the British will stoutly deny that they stand on the side of the 'People's Front.' They will declare that there is nothing they hate so much as Communism and they will assure us that theirs are the countries least exposed to the danger of Communist contamination. But it is not enough to look at surface appearances alone. If they will take the trouble to examine carefully the fundamental character of their government and the actual trends of their society, it should not be difficult for them to see which way the wind is blowing. Those who are aware of the devastating course of Communism all over the world will find sufficient food for thought.

A MODEST ELDER STATESMAN

It is not that my senses are paralyzed. My intellect gives me good work, for a man of my age. Nor is it that I have lost faith in non-violence. That faith is burning brighter than ever. But I have for the moment lost self-confidence. I would therefore ask you not to accept anything from me implicitly. Accept only what carries conviction to you.—Mahatma Gandhi at the meeting of the new National Education Board.

A leading German writer finds scant hope for real peace until after the next war; the French ex-Minister considers the prospects in the air.

On the Eve of Armageddon

I. WILL THERE BE WAR?

By EUGEN DIESEL

Translated from the *Deutsche Rundschau*, Leipzig Political and Literary Monthly

ONCE again Europeans are asking whether we can possibly work out our problems and enjoy real peace without passing through another devastating war. So nerve-racking is the tension, and so impenetrable the future, that countless millions long for prophecy, especially for the promise of salvation. So-called prophets are not lacking to tell them what they want to hear. Yet it is impossible to predict with even the slightest degree of certainty what will happen in the near future, for the factors which will determine events are so complex that we despair of any clear analysis.

It is imperative, of course, that we face the facts; but before we can do that we must make a sincere effort to know them. We shall, therefore, attempt to appraise the facts and prospects over which Europeans are concerned in these anxious days. Peace, real peace, can be brought about only

by the coöperation of many nations working toward a common goal. Since all of them were swept into the abyss together, then surely they must together progress upward into the new order. No nation can expect to heat its own individual soup over the fire of world conflagration and be left to sip it in peace, and so long as each nation blames others for its own difficulties, coöperation will be extremely difficult.

General statements, such as the foregoing, offer precious little guidance when we come to study the practical details of international life: problems concerning frontiers, ideologies and political systems, military plans, political personalities, reshuffled Cabinets and their consequences, revolutions in the offing and difficulties over trade, food and finance. But it is these very fragments of world history which strike the attention of the av-

erage European; from them he tries to solve the political puzzle, and one great puzzle in particular—whether we shall soon have war. His conclusions vary according to whether the Edens or the Chamberlains are in control. He is also concerned about the probable line-up of allies in this war of the future, about strategical prospects—whether it will take place mainly on the ground or in the air, whether it will be characterized by bloody battles or by blockade and economic strangulation; and about the chances of success of the rival groups.

We need not rehash arguments regarding the Powers' obligations to each other, nor need we summarize recent speculation as to their ideological, economic and territorial aims, the efficiency of their forces, and the strategic and tactical problems that keep the War Offices open till late at night. Never before has there been such a wealth of expert analysis and speculation about war as there is today, and much of it is undoubtedly correct. But everyone is naturally prejudiced in favor of his own country, hence errors in judgment cannot be avoided.

II

In answer to the question, Is another war in Europe likely in the near future? we pose a counter-question: Are you convinced that there will never be another war? There are some who contend that memories of 1914–1918 will prevent new wars. We grant that the horror of unleashing another war does operate as a powerful deterrent, so that many *casi belli* of other days no longer prove fatal. Never before have there been so many causes for war and so much hesitation in

actually embarking upon it. Proud nations nowadays swallow incredibly much before they resort to war. Opposition to war has partly atoned for the injustice and folly of the Versailles Treaty: in the face of the universal hatred of war, the Allied Powers could hardly hold up an infringement of this bankrupt Treaty as a valid cause for war. We can be sure, therefore, that disputes which would formerly have led to war will no longer have this result.

Having admitted so much, we must add that the reluctance to go to war is not due to any fundamental change but simply to hesitation, to the inclination to count the cost. Tomorrow, other causes may emerge and the final breakdown of Versailles will create entirely new political and psychological problems.

Nor should we forget that between the 'Peace' at Versailles and the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese conflict a number of bloody wars were fought. They offer incontestible proof that the world still goes to war despite 'the War to End War;' that even today there is nothing to take its place, and that we should therefore be foolish to think a European war impossible. New wars are, on the contrary, highly probable, and as the situation now stands, a war in Europe might break out today or tomorrow as easily as in 1945. Above all there is the unrelenting tension, which may be tinder to the spark of some unpredictable accident. War could easily result quite without a rational cause.

Austria, as all the world knew and felt, essentially belonged to Germany, and it was not by mere chance that the Anschluss did not provoke war. But what will happen when claims are

made which do not stand so clearly on moral and legal grounds? In how many of the current disputes can one party even halfway convince the other of its own concept of justice?

Optimists once believed that the improvement of communications between nations would bring peace. We now know that the effects of propinquity are quite the opposite. It is no longer adequate merely to bridge gaps, nor is mere coöperation sufficient, in view of the complexity of international relationships. Geneva has failed. We live in the twentieth century, not in the nineteenth. We must find a new political technique. While we do not yet know clearly what it will be, we see it foreshadowed in the fact that every vigorous nationalism of our time is at present purging its own country. And even now, a new spirit can be vaguely sensed in the international sphere.

It is encouraging to observe that peace is honestly sought everywhere as the ultimate aim. We can hope that war, if it should really come, will be fought for the ideal of European peace, and that the country which is opposed to this ideal will be defeated. And who would exclude the possibility that through psychological and political changes a completely different situation might emerge so that even without war something like European peace may be maintained.

Are the statesmen perhaps guided by this idea? Italy and England have negotiated. In defiance of all prophets, the long-predicted war in the Mediterranean has not broken out. But this very instance shows how difficult it is to solve great problems and relieve tremendous tension without war. There are still heavy clouds over the

Mediterranean; many decisions have yet to be made. Nor is the character of the European realignment yet clear. It is no simple matter for any statesman to decide for or against a people—to conclude an alliance, or to reject it. Yet the Anglo-Italian Pact is an encouraging sign that large-scale co-operation among the European Powers is possible. Will the dangers of never-ending tension force them at last to follow a common, though rough-hewn, path?

III

It seems, nevertheless, that peace—real peace—can be achieved only after a great conflict. Far too many issues between the nations remain unsettled: the problem of colonies is one example, for some countries have an abundance while others have none; another is the failure of many nations to understand that the racial idea is the dominating concept of our time; still another is the open warfare of denunciation which the different ideologies and propaganda machines are waging against each other. And in every country there persists the illusion that one's own side is always right and the other always wrong—a belief which nourishes a mania for putting forward ever more exaggerated claims and a frenzy for defense against imaginary attacks from all sides. It is difficult, indeed, to see how such fundamental differences can be bridged without war.

We must recognize that a contradiction exists: on the one hand, the desire of all peoples for peace; on the other, the utter inability of mankind to achieve peace without war. That the situation is dangerous goes with-

out saying. Sometimes it is considered necessary even to hide the contradiction, lest it paralyze preparations for defense.

We in Germany, for example, do not under-estimate the amazing thoroughness with which England is organizing her economic defense. We know that she is accumulating and hoarding foodstuffs and raw materials from all over the world so that she will be prepared to survive a prolonged war. We may be quite sure that Great Britain is well informed about the status of rearmament in other countries and that she is confident of victory because of her well-knit structure of economic defense. Against whom is this gigantic British economic rearmament directed? It is here that speculation begins. But one thing is certain: Britain is safeguarding herself against a large variety of dangers—against

surprises, accidents and unexpected alignments.

Let us say at once that it is both futile and tragic to strive for peace as Europe is doing, while at the same time being forced to rearm, not merely in the military and economic fields, but also in a spiritual sense. The cause of European peace will be far better served by stating frankly that war is probable, than by trying to peddle a peace ideal which does not correspond to the real situation of the world. Assuming that war is inevitable, should we wish for it soon, so as to be done with it and enter all the sooner upon the era of peace? Or should we do everything to safeguard what we now call peace in the hope, to which present-day Germany clings so strongly, that an entirely new historical process which excludes war between the peoples can be achieved?

II. AIR POWER IN EUROPE

By PIERRE COT

Translated from the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris German-Émigré Daily

AIR power plays such an important rôle in modern war that it has become necessary to appraise the situation of the various European air forces at ever shorter intervals. In view of the persistent tension, it is of moment to try to discover who would have the advantage if war should break out tomorrow. Although this is a complex problem which cannot be dealt with in detail in a single article, I shall give a general outline of the situation and attempt to estimate the prospects.

To begin with, let us assume a conflict between the democracies—France,

Great Britain and Czechoslovakia—on the one hand and the totalitarian bloc on the other. What is the balance of power at the present moment? And here we must consider not only the available air forces, but also the industrial resources of the two groups. As far as existing air forces are concerned, Germany, Austria and Italy are somewhat ahead of the democratic countries. But this advantage would disappear completely if the democratic countries could count on the support of the Polish, or on even as little as one-third of the Soviet, air fleet. Russian or Polish intervention on the side

of the Western democracies would give them a marked superiority in the air.

It cannot be denied that the production of war industries in Germany and Italy at present exceeds that of France, Britain, Poland and Czechoslovakia, mainly because the industries in Germany and Italy are already on what is virtually a war-time basis. In contrast to the general belief, time works to the advantage of the totalitarian States in peace time. They are rearming at a much more rapid pace than the democratic countries.

Here, again, the intervention of Russia, with her vast armament industry, would be of decisive significance. Yet even if Russia did not intervene, the situation would change completely upon the outbreak of war. The time factor would now work against the totalitarian States. Why? Because the democracies would at once increase the pace of their production, and because Germany and Italy would be cut off from further supplies of many raw materials that are necessary in the manufacture of arms and munitions. The totalitarian States can overcome this serious handicap only by isolating or neutralizing Czechoslovakia, thereby insuring for themselves important sources of supply in Central Europe.

Now let us turn to the important questions of efficiency and strategic advantages. Hannibal and Napoleon were able to conquer their opponents, not because they had larger armies at their disposal, but because they utilized their armies more skilfully—in short, by superior strategy. What, then, are the present strategic prospects of the European Powers in regard to war in the air?

The totalitarian States have recently acquired extremely important bases on Spanish territory. By means of air and naval forces based on the Balearic Islands, Spanish Morocco, on the Canary Islands and on the Spanish coast, they are in a position to sever France's communications with North Africa and to dominate the Mediterranean for a long time to come. In addition to this tremendous strategic advantage, there is another—the vulnerability of Paris and London to attack from the air. These two cities will be very difficult to defend because of the proximity of the German air bases.

Notwithstanding the strategic advantages enjoyed by the totalitarian States, the only kind of war which they can hope to win is a lightning-like, short one. In such a war, of course, every weapon will be utilized and, above all, those which are calculated to demoralize the enemy. There is every reason to believe that the Germans and the Italians would combine air raids on London and Paris with military operations in the Mediterranean and in North Africa.

II

How can the democratic countries meet this menace and strike back? The key to their defense, strategically speaking, is Czechoslovakia. The density of the population in Germany's industrial regions makes any kind of effective anti-aircraft defense very difficult. It is undoubtedly true that Germany possesses an excellent system of air defense and that her artillery is the best in the world. But simultaneous attacks launched from French and Czechoslovak airdromes, shuttling back and forth, can reach

and paralyze all the German industrial centers. And since Germany would find the sea lanes closed to her by the British Navy and could no longer import war materials, she would soon be checkmated.

The Western Powers could achieve even more were they to stake their faith not only on Czechoslovakia but also on Russia. Russia's air force is a tremendous power, and the German leaders know it. Russian attacks from the air, based upon Czechoslovakia, could inflict terrible injury on the German colossus. They would be the real answer to air raids on Paris and London. The same, although to a lesser extent, would be true of intervention by the Polish air force.

The strategic advantages which the totalitarian States have gained in Spain would be useful only in a brief war, for the Mediterranean would be soon closed to all belligerents—would become a 'no man's sea.' At the start, France would be tremendously handicapped, but the closing of the Mediterranean would soon have serious effects on Italy as well. The Italian Army, for example, would find itself in a perilous situation, for it is divided in four parts: one is in Ethiopia, another in Tripoli, the third in Spain and the fourth at home. Mussolini has dispatched a considerable part of his forces and war materials overseas. In the event of a general war, he could neither recall nor replenish these forces and this material.

What conclusions may be drawn from this hasty survey?

From the point of view of air power, the totalitarian States can consider a short war only, since their strength will rapidly become exhausted. I do

not share the belief that Germany will first try to paralyze Czechoslovakia, for I believe that such an attempt would result in a long drawn-out war that would be fatal to Germany. I am convinced that Germany will attack Czechoslovakia only if France and Britain give her to understand that such an attack can be made without provoking a general conflict. It is my opinion that she will apply Schlieffen's strategic ideas in a modernized form. Supported by Italy, she would first attempt to destroy her arch enemy, France, for *delenda Gallia* is the theme to which Hitler constantly recurs in *Mein Kampf*. With France out of the way, Germany would have complete freedom of action in Central Europe and could yield the Mediterranean basin to her Italian ally.

The democratic countries cannot lose a long war—provided Czechoslovakia remains intact and blocks Germany's access to the oil of Rumania and the granaries of Eastern Europe. The totalitarian States are in no position today to wage a long war and their military leaders know this only too well. If we desire to preserve and to guarantee peace, then we must not let them get the impression that a short war is possible. And this is the responsibility of the British, the French, and the Russians.

The democratic Powers could have stopped the attack on Ethiopia at an early stage without grave risk. They could easily have curbed the Spanish war at the very beginning, before Mussolini staked his prestige and Italy's honor on a Rebel victory. They can still bring about a peaceful solution of the Czechoslovak problem by being firm.

An account of spontaneous human combustion in one of Japan's sweat-shops.

The Spinners of Kawasaki

By KURT KLÄBER

Translated from *Regards*
Paris Popular Front Weekly

THE peasants who live around Kawasaki are very poor—as, indeed, are all Japanese peasants. The price of the rice they grow falls from year to year while the cost of living constantly rises. Every year the agents of the great Kawasaki silk factories go among the peasants and ask: ‘Have you not a daughter?’

The peasant is distrustful by nature, like all the peasants in the world, and he may not answer immediately. The agent continues: ‘We need spinners of silk and we pay eighty yen for each girl.’

Eighty yen! To the father that sounds like a fortune. Besides, to see the great city of Kawasaki is the dream of every peasant, who has probably never been able to leave the miserable little village where he was born.

‘Eighty yen, you say? And the girl can go to the city?’

‘Of course,’ the agent replies.

The father asks anxiously: ‘What will she have to do for this money?’

The answer is that she will have to work in the factory for five years, during which time, the agent assures him, she will be fed, lodged and dressed, and paid five yen a month besides. The peasant shuts his eyes for a moment, overwhelmed by this dazzling prospect. Eighty yen and five yen a month! To refuse would be like tempting the Gods. He does not ask his daughter whether this suits her plans, for Japanese daughters obey their fathers blindly. The agent takes away the girl.

Sometimes, girls are bought even more cheaply. In the Spring, for example, the agents pass through the villages, asking the peasants: ‘Perhaps you need a kimono, an axe, or tea?’ The peasant buys something and always on credit. If it is a bad year—which is very often the case—the agent comes back after the harvest and demands payment. It is the money or the girl. And so the peasant often gives up his daughter, although he may get a few yen extra.

As for the village girls themselves, they are enchanted with the idea of going to Kawasaki. The prospect of hard work does not dismay them, for what can be harder than the life they lead in the country? From the age of five they have been accustomed to work all day long in the field, planting rice shoots in the muddy ground, with water up to their knees. Later they help their parents with the irrigation and with the harvest. They labor sixteen hours a day. Their food is a cup of tea in the morning, a bowl of rice at noon and another in the evening.

The agents know this, and so they paint life in the city in the most alluring colors. 'Kawasaki is a beautiful city. There are moving picture houses, theaters, soldiers in fine uniforms.' The agents spread before the girls beautiful brightly-colored fabrics which are made in the factories and allow them to drape themselves in the gaudy silks before the mirror. Oh yes! They are very happy to go to the city, those little country girls.

Then they arrive in the city. What an awakening! All they see of Kawasaki is the station and the few streets that the company wagon passes on its way to the factory. The factory itself is an enormous prison. When the gate closes behind them, nothing can get them out before their allotted time, except death. First, they are taken to the office to be registered and told the wages that they are to get. Next, they are taken to one of the big dormitories, where the windows are barred. Here, for five years, they will spend their evenings and their nights. Two hundred girls live and sleep in each one of those halls. Their beds are on the floor; there are no blankets, and little blocks of wood serve as pillows. The girls'

only possessions while in the factory are the clothes they are wearing and these are worn day and night until they are in shreds. Only then are they given new garments.

Next morning begins what the agents called a new life for the peasant girls. They are roughly awakened at four o'clock in the morning,—earlier than they ever were in the country. In the dining hall they are given their meager meal, consisting of a thin broth and a few pieces of turnip, which will be the same every day, except on holidays, when the soup is a little better. Then they are taken to the factory, but still they do not see what the agents promised them. Where are the red, blue and green silks that delighted their eyes? The girls are made to carry heavy spools, to wash and clean, and do all the hard work. A month passes before they are allowed to go near the looms.

Working on the looms is also hard. The heavy shuttles dance before their weary eyes. Threads break under their unskilled hands and they must tie them up. The overseers stand over them urging them to hurry. Often there comes the shrill clang of a bell—the signal that somewhere the threads have become entangled. When the girls are at last used to the loom, they are given a second, or even a third one to take care of.

Days and weeks pass monotonously. At noon they are hardly given time to eat. While one team swallows a few bites, the other is watching the looms, which never stop. In the evening, broken with fatigue, they fall on their pallets. Then, at last they understand that they have been tricked. Most of them think of the young man whom they left in the village, and weep

softly. If they cry aloud in their despair, the overseers turn on the radio. But the life becomes harder and still harder, and often a girl begins to beat her head against the bars of the windows with the impotent rage of a trapped animal.

II

Kono came to Kawasaki in the spring with other young girls to work for the Fuji Company. The agent bought her cheaply because the flood had entirely ruined the crop of her father, Yamamoto, who was one of the poorest peasants in his village even when crops were good. Kono, like all the others, was happy to come to Kawasaki. During the brief journey from the station to the factory, she saw and heard something of the big city—trolley cars, automobiles, stores with windows full of unimaginable luxuries, cafés and crowds of elegantly dressed people. When the heavy door closed behind her, she tried to escape. Brutal old overseer, Kuroda, had to use force to hold her back.

Week after week sped away. Kono became paler and more fragile every day. They made her work in the halls where the silk is boiled and washed and carry the heavy spools. The steam from the boiling vats made her cough. Soon her whole body began to hurt when she coughed. Her friends understood that little Kono had consumption, and that soon, perhaps, she would leave the factory in the only way in which it was permitted.

The sicker little Kono got, the more homesickness gnawed at her heart. She thought of the rice fields and the purple hills, of her father and her lover. She could no longer stay quietly on her couch, but would drag herself

to the windows where she felt she was nearer to freedom. The angry overseer would order her away, but as soon as he left the room she would go back to the window to look at the moon and breathe in the night air.

One day while she was rinsing silk, a violent pain tore at her breast. She understood suddenly that she was going to die, that never again would she see her native village. So great was her despair that she began to cry, first whimpering softly like a sick child, then louder and louder, until all her friends stopped working and ran to her side.

The overseer, old Kuroda himself, who was the worst tyrant of all, came to see what was the matter. He succeeded in getting the girls back to work, but he could not make little Kono stop crying. The more he beat her and pulled her hair, the more she cried. When he tried to close her mouth with his hand, she bit and fought like mad until he was forced to call other overseers to help him. One of them took little Kono by the legs, another by the arms, and they started to carry her out. The other girls tried to defend Kono, and when they saw that their efforts were in vain, began to cry out. There were forty of them in the washing room, and screaming at the top of their lungs seemed to give them courage. They rushed upon the overseers and rescued little Kono at the door.

The noon whistle blew. The girls took Kono into the big hall. During the meal they all calmed down, and perhaps nothing more would have been done if Kuroda had not come back with four overseers to get the girl. Kono began to shriek again when Kuroda came near her, and all the

other girls joined her—not only those who worked in the washing room, but also the spinners. They screamed until they were out of breath. Then they took off their wooden sandals and beat them against the floor. Soon sandals, plates and bowls began to fly, and the overseers took to their heels, leaving the girls victorious.

III

It was then that Tsuru spoke. She was sold into the factory so that her brother could become an engineer. She was the only one in that hall who knew what she was doing when she entered the factory. She knew, too, that they must act together if they wanted to help Kono. She talked it over with her friend Aiko. Aiko was a widow at nineteen, when her husband had been killed during the great strikes. Tsuru asked the girls: 'What is it you want?'

'They have beaten little Kono,' a voice cried.

'They must let little Kono go, for she is sick,' said another one.

Tsuru asked: 'Is that all you want, freedom just for Kono?' Then some of the girls cried: 'I also want to get out.' 'I, too.' 'They ought to let us out at least on Sundays.'

The door opened again. This time it was the director himself, Fakekawa, with a retinue of overseers. He threatened them: 'If you don't calm down immediately and give up the girl Kono, I will give you nothing to eat and I will not pay you your wages.'

His very first words brought a storm of shrieking and stamping. The noise they made was so great that it could be heard in the other parts of the factory. Cries of anger came from

everywhere. The director and the guards made another attempt to seize Kono, but were repulsed. The spinners from the other rooms came running to their rescue and the men were forced to retreat down the stairs and into the courtyard. They hastened to bolt the doors of the buildings so that the girls could not get out. The noise grew. The girls ran through the halls and the corridors, screaming. It was almost as if they had all suddenly gone mad, as if a spark had fallen into a powder magazine and had set off a great explosion. When they ran out of missiles to throw at their torturers, who were standing outside in the court, they began to throw their tools, and when all those were gone, they attacked the machines. They tore all the fabrics to pieces and stuffed them through the windows and began wrecking the spindles.

'If you don't open the door, we'll break all the machines!'

The director realized that things were becoming serious when he heard them attacking the machines. He had the doors opened and the girls streamed out into the court. But if he believed that this temporary freedom would calm them, he was mistaken. When they breathed in the fresh air for the first time after long months of imprisonment—when they found themselves under the free sky—the revolt flared up with even greater violence.

Their cries were heard in the neighboring buildings and three thousand girls who worked for the Fuji Company streamed out into the court, where a hundred guards headed by the director were trying to hold the girls back. The men were clustered near the gate that led into the street.

They knew that if the girls got through that gate there would be no hope of bringing them back to their senses. But the prisoners knew that their liberty lay close, right behind that gate. They brought out rolls of silk and stacked them high so that they could climb onto the walls and jump down to the street below. Finally the gate gave way before their efforts, and the rebels found themselves in the street, in the middle of the busy city of Kawasaki. They saw again what they had glimpsed once, the trolleys, the autos, the elegantly dressed crowd.

IV

For a moment they were stunned, and then something happened—that moved Kawasaki more than news of the Mukden and Shanghai victories. A group of girls came back into the courtyard, picked up the scattered silks and draped themselves with them and used some for banners. They chose red silk, silk that was the bright red of fire and blood. Strangely enough, it was the red of the banners carried by the Kawasaki workers. The girls chose it because they hated yellow, which was the color of the factory, and because green seemed too gay and black too sad. Then they fell into ranks. They did not know that that was what the workers did. They arranged themselves in this manner simply because they were a little afraid and felt stronger as a group. They began to march, they knew not where. Automobiles and street cars stopped. The policemen let them pass, laughing, and the girls waved their banners and laughed back.

As they marched past the machine shops, the workers came out and in-

vited them to come into their meeting house. One of the workers spoke to them. Tsuru answered, as did Aiko and little Kono. A committee of fourteen girls was elected and the workers found places where the three thousand others could stay for a while.

The committee talked the whole night to the secretaries of the Metallurgic Union. Old Anor told them: 'You must present your demands before you go back.' They told them their demands, which were so timid that the metal workers were stupefied. They only wanted to be permitted a leave of absence for a few days when a member of their family was sick or dying. They wanted their parents to be permitted to visit them at Kawasaki. They wanted to get a little meat on Sundays, and to be allowed to go out once every two weeks, or, at least, once a month. Finally, they wanted to have a union.

The next day, the committee went to see the director and told him their demands, refusing to return to the factories until they were satisfied. The answer was: 'You won't get anything, and you will come back anyhow.'

But the director was mistaken. They did not come back to the factories. They held out for fourteen days. The metal workers and the textile workers helped them, as did the printers and the street car employees. Collections were taken for them throughout the city and in the nearby villages and even in the four barracks in Kawasaki. At the end of fourteen days the director had to give in. Only then did the girls come back to their erstwhile prisons. They returned as they left them, marching in rows and with red banners flying.

Persons and Personages

A TORY LOOKS AT HITLER

By MAJOR FRANCIS YEATS-BROWN

From the *Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Paper

I DO NOT presume to judge the German Leader by a few minutes' talk at a tea-party, which is the extent of my personal contact with him. Below I give some sounder arguments for my belief in his honesty than trust in my intuition. But intuition counts for something: I have met many important people in many countries, but only two men who have given me the same sense of physical and mental purity as Hitler: Mohandas K. Gandhi and T. E. Lawrence.

In the personalities of Gandhi and Lawrence one saw shining a strange inner light. The same is true of Hitler. Like the others, he is humble and ascetic in private life; like the others, but even more vividly, he sways the individual and the multitude by a power seemingly outside himself. In his lifetime Hitler has received more fervent and more genuine admiration from the masses than any man in history. That is a fact that those who hate his policies would do well not to ignore.

What are the sources of his power? How does he sway the masses? I have heard him speak many times, and have heard more fluent and more melodious voices, but never one that weaved such a spell about the audience.

During the three-hour oration at the Kroll Opera House on February 20th, the whole speech was read, and read very quickly, with no pauses, except during the applause. Even during a solid hour of statistics he kept everyone galvanized by the cadence of his sentences. During the rhetorical passages his voice mounted to the pitch of delirium: he was a man transformed and possessed. We were in the presence of a miracle—fire might have fallen from heaven or the chandelier of the Opera House might have come crashing down—the tension was almost unbearable until the passionate voice was drowned by the cries of the audience.

The delirium was real—Hitler was in a frenzy at these moments—but he was able to release this infectious atmosphere of quasi-hysteria without losing his own self-control: whatever his emotion, a steady hand turned the pages of his speech. Intense mystical fervor and a more-than-female intuition are harnessed to a cool brain and a strong will.

This is part of the secret of Hitler's power. The other part is his

genius for choosing the right man and the right moment to bring his dreams into the realm of action. 'I have the security of a sleep-walker,' he said, during the remilitarization of the Rhineland, when half his generals expected a French invasion. He has always acted on instinct, and he has always been right, so far. Right also, generally speaking, in his choice of associates. Inevitably, some of his helpers were unworthy, but there has never been a revolution with less bloodshed and with more loyalty among the leaders.

See the leaders surrounding him in the Kroll Opera House. Göring has a fine head; that he is so fat that he seems to have difficulty in bringing his hands together when clapping, is due to war-wounds, not to self-indulgence. Frick, Ley, Keitel, von Neurath, von Ribbentrop, Hess with his big jaw and pale, deep-set eyes. . . . They are all fine types, lean, virile, active. Look on that picture and on this, in our Parliament, or in the French Chamber, and I fear the comparison is unfavorable to democracy.

Little mention has been made, either in Germany or abroad, of Hitler's War service. I have seen the official record in the National-Socialist archives in Munich. Here are some of the salient events of his career as a dispatch-runner:—

He served in thirty-six actions on the Western Front.

He received the Iron Cross of the Second Class on December 2, 1914.

He was lightly wounded on April 3, 1915.

He received the Bavarian Military Medal on September 17, 1917.

He was mentioned in dispatches on May 10, 1918.

He was awarded the Iron Cross of the First Class on August 4, 1918.

He was severely gassed on October 15, 1918.

There is an idea prevalent in England that Hitler is a kind of warrior-mystic, forever planning conquests. I believe this to be a delusion. The sociological side of his work represents his highest ambition and it is the key to all his actions. The Lord Mayor of Munich, Herr Fiehler, who shared his Leader's imprisonment in 1923-1924, told me that Hitler's constant preoccupation, when not writing *Mein Kampf* (originally called by the awkward title of *Three and One-Half Years' Struggle*) was to draw up schemes for the improvement of the poorer districts of Munich—schemes that are now being brought to fruition. No doubt Hitler has his mystical side, but, like most genuine mystics, he has also a tenacious grasp of detail. How else could he have built up his party, out of half a dozen men, meeting in a suburban beer house?

I have seen the back room in the Sterneckerbräu, where Hitler made his first speech, and the Bürgerbräukeller from which he led his men, unarmed, arm-in-arm, through beflagged and cheering streets, to the tragedy at Odeonsplatz. Hitler and the Nazi leaders were sixteen

abreast in the front rank of the marchers; unlike most revolutionaries, these risked their lives in the vanguard of their movement and trusted not to arms but to the will of the people.

I have seen many of his original notes for his early speeches. They are orderly, methodical, neatly written. What interested me chiefly, however, was a group of files containing the future dictator's notes on the Treaty of Versailles. No scholar preparing for a thesis could have organized his material more carefully than this lance-corporal with a taste for water-color sketches. The pages of the printed Treaty are cut out and pasted onto sheets of foolscap. Each page is underlined, in red and black, to bring the chief points to prominence. From certain paragraphs arrows lead to the foolscap, where Hitler has written cross references ('reparations in cash, see p. 6,' 'surrender of shipping, see p. 9,' and so on) and made copious notes, showing with what care he had prepared himself for speeches which, his critics asserted, contained nothing but sound and fury.

Can we put our faith in this extraordinary man? After all, if we can, we can look forward to at least twenty years of peace. If not, then a shocking cataclysm is inevitable.

I have given my reasons for thinking that he is a man of wisdom and honor; and anyone with half an eye can see that he is trusted in Germany as no man has ever been trusted before. This being so, the questions of Czechoslovakia and the former colonies of Germany need not be insuperable barriers to a better understanding. Once these difficulties are settled—settled not necessarily according to Germany's wishes, but at least on the basis of a friendly compromise—the way will be open to disarmament and reconciliation all round.

One thing needs repeating. Hitler likes the English. He made a desperate effort to make friends with us ('to buy us off,' the enemies of Germany say) by agreeing to the 35 per cent ratio with our Navy. He has set the lines of his educational schemes parallel with ours. Our interests do not conflict. If any nation can influence Germany's future, through friendship, that nation is England.

'KING' BILLMEIR

By WILL SHEBBEARE

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

MEET the world's newest King. His name is Jack Albert Billmeir, and he lives in North London. In shipping circles they call him the King of Spain. He is the man whose ships Mr. Chamberlain refuses to protect,

and it is one of his skippers who was recently acquitted at Gibraltar, after being charged with a breach of the Munitions to Spain Act.

How Jack Billmeir has turned himself in two years from a nobody into a 'king' is as romantic a tale as the Spanish War has produced. Which is saying a great deal.

When the war broke out, Jack Billmeir owned two ships. Now he owns twenty-three. At a time when other shipping companies were fighting shy of trade with Spain, he stepped into the breach with his little Stanhope Steamship Company, named after the place where he lives—Stanhope-road, N.6. Then he started buying ships—little ships, big ships—any old ship—just as fast as he could.

Each ship as he bought it was given a name beginning with Stan. All Stanhope Steamship Company's ships have names like *Stancourt*, *Stanray*, *Stanbill*. When next you read that a ship with some such name has had a fierce encounter off the coast of Spain, think of good King Billmeir.

Meat, drink, oil, coal—these are the things that Billmeir's ships have been carrying to Spanish ports in ever-increasing quantities since the outbreak of the war. The risks are enormous. Insurance premiums at Lloyds' may be as much as 20 or 25 per cent. The Spanish Government charters all these ships, and pays at a flat rate for every ton carried. Sailors on board usually get a £2 bonus for the risk.

These ships have done more than carry cargoes. Sometimes they have done the work of stamping out Franco's legends. Do you remember how, when Franco was attacking the Basque country, he sponsored the legend that his mine fields made it impossible for ships to reach Bilbao?

Many skippers, including that popular hero 'Potato' Jones, tried hard to get their ships through, and failed. Then suddenly the world was told that the *Stanbrook*, with two other ships and Billmeir's blessing, had crashed the blockade and reached the Basque coast.

The spell was broken. What three ships had done, others could do. They came and went in dozens. The *Stanbrook* came back from Gijon packed tight with 850 refugees. Billmeir sent more ships, carrying in oil and food and bringing out thousands of women and children, who were taken to camps all over Britain.

When the war first broke out, Billmeir—plain Mr. Billmeir in those days—ran his little business from a smallish office in Bury-street, E.C.3. Now, as his work becomes more and more extensive, he has had to take over half a floor in a vast new building off Bishopsgate.

In that office sit men guiding the activities of a whole fleet between England and the Mediterranean. Ominously there hangs beside the list of Spanish ports at which his ships are due to call the notice, 'Subject to Alteration.'

Hardly one of Jack Billmeir's ships has escaped the bombs and machine-guns of Franco's airmen. Out of thirteen ships in Valencia harbor, whose captains a month ago telegraphed to Lord Halifax that the bombings of British ships were 'absolutely deliberate,' eight had names beginning with Stan.

One of the most courageous groups of men in the Spanish War have been the sailors who, in face of hideous dangers, have gone on delivering the goods on which Spain depends for victory. The bombings make no difference. The ships of Billmeir and others like him still sail into port.

In the City of London, where General Franco has plenty of good friends, there are people who don't like Mr. Billmeir very much. That is a test of his value. Refusing to be worried either by the insults of the gossip-mongers or by Mussolini's warplanes, old King Billmeir goes majestically onward.

ZOG I

By BERNARD NEWMAN

From the Daily Telegraph and Morning Post, London Conservative Daily

EXCEPT for a narrow coastal plain, Albania is entirely mountainous, and its high valleys are of rare beauty. I toiled one day to the pass above Kruja, home of the Albanian medieval hero, Skanderbeg. The road was finely engineered, but so roughly surfaced that a car which I saw approaching negotiated it with difficulty. One of its occupants got out and stood beside me as I gazed over the Mati valley.

'Take my glasses,' he suggested in a friendly tone. 'The view is worthy of examination.'

I ranged the glasses over the distant slopes; I was searching for the birthplace of King Zog.

'You see that little hamlet over there?' said the owner of the glasses; 'That is Burgayeti. Just beyond is a ruined castle perched on a rock. That is where I was born.'

I was startled, for I had not realized that this casual traveler was the King of Albania. Beside me was a tall man of slight figure, blue-eyed and fair.

Zog was not born a king. His father was the hereditary chieftain of the Mati valley. The Turks, in their five-hundred-year occupation of Albania, maintained the existing tribal organization; as most of the Albanians adopted the Moslem religion, the tribal chiefs retained their power.

Ahmed Zogu was born on October 8, 1895. He was educated at Constan-

tinople, first at the Lycée and then at the Military Academy. By the time he was twenty he was deep in the complications of Balkan politics. His forefathers had fought more than once for the liberation of Albania, and the Balkan Wars offered an unique opportunity for action.

In 1912, independence was actually achieved, and the following year Prince William of Wied was selected by the Great Powers as the first king of the new State. Ahmed Zogu served Prince William faithfully, and is still his friend.

The prince was unfortunate in his hopes of developing the country, for almost immediately Albania was ravaged by the World War. The situation was confused, with Austrians occupying the north of the country and Italians and French the south. During this period Zogu entered into negotiations with Austria, still striving for the independence of Albania.

The Allies had first envisaged Albania as an Italian protectorate, but the spirit of independence could not be denied. At the age of twenty-three Zogu became Home Secretary in the new republic. By 1925, after vicissitudes and exile, he was President and in 1928 he was proclaimed king.

He did not change his name, as is often supposed. In the Albanian language 'Ahmed Zogu' means literally 'Ahmed the Zog,' that is, 'Ahmed of the family of Zog.' When he became king he used his family name—which, uninflected by a preceding personal name, is Zog.

Nevertheless, the omission of the final *u* effected a picturesque change. 'Zog' means 'bird,' and the native name for Albania is 'Land of the Eagle.' The title, *Zog I, Mbret i Shqiptarevet* thus reads literally 'Bird the First, King of the Sons of the Eagle.'

His title has occasioned much heart-burning in neighboring countries. Zog is not King of Albania, but King of the Albanians—and there are nearly half a million Albanians in Yugoslavia and a quarter of a million in Greece.

Like most men who achieve fame, Zog had a remarkable mother. In 1920 the Yugoslavs invaded Albania and reached the Mati valley, destroying Zog's ancestral home. Zog was away in the south with the men of his tribe, fighting the Italians, but his mother Sadije gathered the old men and the boys of the valley and held the invaders at bay until Zog could return.

During her lifetime—she died in 1935—her greatest wish was that her son should take a bride. The difficulty was religious: few European princesses were prepared to marry a Moslem.

In Albania there was no difficulty, for religious tolerance is remarkable. When the Pope decreed that any issue of the marriage of Zog and the Countess Geraldine Apponyi should be Catholic, the opposition in

Albania was purely a question of proportion. The Albanians will welcome a Catholic queen—the members of Parliament stood on their benches and cheered when the announcement was made—but 70 per cent of the people are Moslems, 20 Orthodox Catholics and only 10 Roman Catholics. It is only natural, therefore, that a Moslem heir should be favored.

King Zog is, in my opinion, one of the hardest workers in Europe. He has been represented as a lonely figure in his own palace, telephoning to the hotels in Tirana to see if there were any British or American visitors, and pressing them to kill time with him by playing cards. But, as his private secretary complained, King Zog has no time to play cards.

In any case, the legend is at once exploded because Zog does not speak English, though he is a good linguist, and in addition to Albanian speaks German, French, Turkish and Serbo-Croat. But he has a high opinion of England and all things English, and sent his two nieces to be educated at a school near Ascot.

In his restricted leisure hours he is a great reader, history being his favorite subject. He is keen on physical fitness, has a small gymnasium in his modest palace and plays tennis energetically. He is an excellent rider and may often be seen cantering over the hills behind Tirana.

I found him quiet but full of vitality and energy, serious in mind but with a welcome spark of humor. I never saw him other than well-dressed—he employs a famous Viennese tailor. He prefers plain clothes to uniform, but carries both well. He lives very simply, and his court life has a minimum of ostentation, as befits the king of a peasant land.

It is freely rumored in Europe that Zog has sold himself to Italy, that he is no more than Mussolini's puppet. This is not true. His country was backward and primitive, and Zog needed money for development. Britain and France were uninterested, having recognized Italy's 'special interests' in Albania. The only other possible candidate was Yugoslavia, which had no money and was the hereditary enemy of Albania.

Since 1929 Albania has borrowed 150,000,000 gold francs from Italy, a colossal sum for so small a country where the total budget expenditure and receipts only amount to 18,000,000 gold francs annually.

Italy's economic gains have been trivial; her balance of trade is adverse and comprises only 25 per cent of the trade of Albania. Incidentally, Albania is one of the few countries with which Britain's balance of trade is favorable, British exports being to the value of 1,400,000 gold francs and imports only 58,000.

Italy, it is true, holds a monopoly of Albania's supplies of oil, which may one day be important. Her principal advantage is, however, strategic. Influence in Albania insures control of the Adriatic and provides a military threat to Yugoslavia.

My own impression of Zog was of an earnest patriot, willing to use foreign aid to develop his country, but fiercely jealous of its independence. A generation ago Albania was a relic of medieval days. The only law in the land was that of Lek, the Albanian Moses of five centuries ago. His law was professedly founded on honor, but included the worst features of the blood feud, which ravaged Albania for generations. The speed with which the law of Zog has replaced the law of Lek is remarkable.

In the wild valleys of the north the old Albanian customs persists. Every tribesman carries his rifle, and Zog provides free armed escort for foreign travelers. I saw no need for such a precaution in all my wanderings, for the Albanian tribesman is friendly and hospitable. Further, an efficient *gendarmerie* has removed the necessity for personal vengeance.

Italians engineered the roads and trained his army, but for his *gendarmerie* King Zog enlisted a British force under Sir Jocelyn Percy—a fine collection of officers who had fought Chinese pirates and Pathan raiders.

Turkish corruption has been swept away and there is now justice in the land. Not that the Albanian tribesman goes to law. Zog has not hurried history, and the head of the family or clan is still a man of power. In the Mati valley I saw a meeting of the local council. It met in the open air, under a tree, in the fashion of our own Witenagemot. There men brought their grievances and accepted the judgment of the elders of the valley.

Zog's material reforms have been extensive. He found his country almost illiterate, and has already built 622 schools. Italian engineers planned the 1,600-odd miles of roads already completed, but the labor was supplied locally—every Albanian must give ten days' labor to the State every year, or pay someone else to do it for him. There are no railways in the country, but the air service is remarkably efficient for a land about the size of Wales.

Only a brave man could be king of a primitive land like Albania. Twice attempts have been made on Zog's life—once his chamberlain was shot down by his side. There have been periodic rebellions against his rule, usually led by jealous chieftains.

A national feast was held on April 27th in honor of his wedding to the 'White Rose,'—the beautiful Countess Geraldine Apponyi of Hungary, whose mother was an American. Even the vengeful parties to the existing blood feuds forgot their hates in the period of the rejoicings.

Il Duce's unceasing campaign to recover the French Riviera is marked by propaganda, espionage and sabotage.

Riviera Irredenta

By CLAUDE ALLAIS

Translated from *Messidor*
Paris Leftist Weekly

THE valet at my hotel in Nice said to me: 'You ought to take a trip to San-Remo. Everybody goes there.'

As I passed the desk on my way out, the owner of the hotel spoke:—

'Wouldn't you like to go to Italy? A train leaves at eleven o'clock for San-Remo and Alassio. You know, of course, that you will be able to get 60 per cent discount on the fare if you go as far as Rome.'

'Why are you sending me to Italy?'

The man smiled. 'Oh, I am an Italian,' he said, and added with pride: 'There are 80,000 of us in Nice.'

One begins to understand. In Nice there are 80,000 Italians. There are 100,000 of them in the *département* of Alpes-Maritimes, and 500,000 in the region from Menton to Marseille or as my padrone would say, from Mentone to Marsiglia. It is a colony, or, to use a word that now seems to be in vogue, a minority. Later one learns that Mussolini has covered the Côte d'Azur with a veritable spider web of espionage. Every day one reads in the

papers that an agent, working for a 'neighboring Power,' has been arrested somewhere in that region. But, since he is not the sort of spy who can be *damned* with a Bolshevik beard, the press refuses to become excited. And the man on the street thinks: 'What good is espionage to anybody today? It is too much like a pre-War novel. Everybody knows there is a fleet at Toulon, an air base at Marseille and fortifications on the frontier.'

This feeling of optimism grows after you take a walk in Nice. Of course, there are Italians everywhere—in commerce, industry, the vast hotel business and in the banks. They must like it here, because they stay. Some of them, who now hold good positions, came years ago from Piedmont or Lombardy with empty pockets. Why should they plot against a country to which they owe so much?

At Menton I visited a well-to-do Italian merchant and drank with him honey-colored, faintly sulphurous Ve-

suvius wine. I asked him: 'You have made your fortune in France, haven't you?'

'When I came here, I did not have a penny,' he replied.

'If tomorrow Mussolini were to attack us, what would you do?'

The man hung his head. 'I would fight, of course.'

'Against Mussolini?'

'No! That would be impossible.'

The workers—masons, artisans, the members of the unions—are largely anti-Fascist. But if you think that they are allowed to act and speak freely, you are greatly mistaken. They are kept under constant surveillance, questioned frequently and threatened.

By the French police? Not at all. They live in fear of the Italian 'police.'

It seems that all Italians who come to the Consulate on business are questioned by one Lo Spinoso, whose task is to keep an eye on all the Italians in Nice, particularly on the *fuorisciti*, the political refugees, and to recruit spies. Nor is the surveillance of the refugees purely a formal thing. If one of them happens to talk too much in a café, perhaps even in his own house, there will always be somebody on hand to report to the Consulate. And if, one fine day, the man who has talked too much happens to cross the frontier to Italy, he will be immediately arrested. One gathers the impression, traveling through the Alpes-Maritimes, that the Italian Consulates are headquarters of propaganda and espionage, where spies, *agents provocateurs* and bravos are given their instructions and make their reports.

This is well known to the French authorities. There is a special bureau

in Nice which supplied the French Ministry of the Interior with information about the use to which the Italian Consulates put their diplomatic privileges. Two years ago a special counter-espionage squad was detailed to track down the spies in the *département*. As a result of its industry, there are now several hundred *dossiers* in the hands of its young chief, Cottoni. Nothing has been done about them, however, for fear of spoiling the negotiations for a Franco-Italian rapprochement.

II

There is strong economic competition between France and Italy on the Côte d'Azur. It began when Mussolini launched the theory that Italy was an ideal tourist country—the only one where a tourist could travel without running into barricades on every street. Pro-Italian propaganda is being spread throughout the French Riviera. Its chief disseminators are the hotel keepers in the region from Saint-Raphaël to Menton, many of whom are Italians. Some Frenchmen do it because they hate the Popular Front.

In 1936, a member of the Hotel Syndicate in Nice declared: 'France is no longer safe for tourists and I prefer to send my clients to San-Remo.' He probably got a large bonus for that statement. During the Congress of World Rotary, thousands of Americans staying on the Côte d'Azur found that leaflets printed in Turin had been slipped under their doors. France was denounced in them as a land of outlaws where strikers hold tourists for ransom, tear jewels and furs off their women—in short, a country on the verge of disintegration which it would be wise to leave within forty-eight

hours. Attached to these were the schedules of trains going to Italy and the bargain rates.

More violent methods are sometimes used. Early in 1937, it was commonly known in Nice that the Fascists were preparing to sabotage the World Exposition in Paris. The famous bomb explosions that took place in May were part of a shrewd but unscrupulous program having a double aim: to aggravate the difficulties of the Blum Government and to create an atmosphere of terrorism in France which would divert tourists to Italy.

France has done nothing to counteract this economic sabotage. On the contrary, our tourist agencies help to pack the trains with tourists going to Italy, although no Italian is allowed to come into France with more than a few lira in his pockets.

III

But it is in the realm of politics that the audacity of the Fascist activity and propaganda within French territory takes on really alarming proportions. The law forbids the Consuls of foreign countries to import politics. Yet in Nice the head of the *Fascio* is none other than the Consul himself. All the Italian Consuls, from the aristocratic Lodi-Fe to Baron Aloisi's son, are active propagandists. The Consulate administers and controls *la Casa degli Italiani*, where Italian youth receives instructions in Fascist ideology and military matters. It also administers cultural organizations like *la Dante Alighieri*, *Il Dopolavoro*, *la Compagnia filodrammatica*, *la Musica*, and sport clubs like *Club cyclo-touriste italien*, *Motoclub italien*, *l'Amicale Boccio Fila Italiana*, etc.

The Nice *Fascio* itself is the coordinating center of all the other organizations. Men from various classes belong to it—professors, merchants, restaurant owners, hotel keepers, tailors and butchers. All of them are ready to do active work for the cause, some from conviction and some from interest. And all seem to be animated by the hatred of France, which received, fed and enriched them. Here is an extract from a letter addressed by a Fascist property-owner in Nice to the Italian Socialist editor of the tenants' paper:—

You are a renegade traitor who has sold himself to the dirty French, and if, within four years, an avenging Italian dagger has not cut you down, you will see the proud flag of Italian Fascism floating over Marseille and Lyons. Our true historical frontier is the Rhone. You know well that the Italian soldier is the best, the bravest in the world. One word from our great, divine Mussolini and within a few hours France, England, even Germany, will be pulverized—annihilated. Without us, in 1914, you would have been conquered by our former allies, who will be our allies again in the next war, at the end of which we will divide Dutch, Belgian, Portuguese, French and British colonies between the two of us. Rome will revive the glory of the Cæsars. Our true hereditary enemies are the French, who have stolen from us Tunis, Algeria, Corsica, Nice and Savoy—all of them Italian territory, Italian by race, mentality, customs and tastes, and whose people in it dream only of returning to the bosom of the Fatherland.

Yes, we hate you cowardly French, and have always hated you. You will hear from us soon. Alexander of Serbia learned what it means to defy the Italian Fascists. In case of war, we will know what to do. We shall destroy the

bridges, tunnels and also your insignificant person. My three boys and my girl are being brought up to hate France and the French.

An Italian Fascist, fervent admirer of Mussolini, the Victorious, the Just,
Mario Marchisio

One shudders before such hatred, which has been cultivated like a hothouse plant. The local *Fascio* does its best to help along the campaign of slander and vilification which is carried on unremittingly in the *Gazzetta del Popolo* of Milan and the *Stampa* of Turin. These papers reach Nice before noon and are sold by special newsboys at the boulevards and on the Promenade des Anglais. Their milder epithets describe us as a nation of bastards, syphilitics, descendants of slaves and cowards, who fled before the Germans in 1914 and who, at best, are barely worthy to polish the boots of the Duce's conquering warriors.

It is difficult to take all this nonsense lightly when one possesses proof that all members of the *Fascio* carry with them an order for mobilization in case of an attack on Nice, of which they will be secretly forewarned. It seems that when the hour strikes, they are expected to block the roads, blow up the bridges and railroads and occupy the central power plants. Operating from the Consulate, which will be their headquarters, they are to create a panic among the civil population, to rally those who hesitate and to occupy the *mairie*, the railway station and the prefecture. Nothing is being left to chance. Certain transport concerns will supply the lorries, certain garages the faster vehicles.

Of course, this plan of attack, detailed though it is, has one defect. It disregards the fact that there are

French troops in Nice, and that a large part of the population is not at all disposed to cry '*Viva il Duce*' at the first signal. But they are counting on the element of surprise, on panic, and on an attack from the air which will destroy the barracks and the arsenals.

IV

The Italian Consulate with its subsidiary tourist bureaux is on the best of terms with many French officials. And when it is suggested to the latter that these Fascist gentlemen, though their manners may be most impeccable, are engaged in espionage on the side, they reply: 'But, no, you are quite mistaken. They are all very nice people. Naturally, they love their country and they hate to see France struggling on under a Government that has no authority. . . .'

Moreover the receptions at the Consulate are lavish, reduced-rate trips to Venice and Florence can always be arranged for the friendly French officials; and therefore, even in the most official salons, one hears the murmur of approbation for the black-shirted aristocrats.

Meanwhile, the O.V.R.A. or *Organizzazione di Volontari per la Repressione Antifascista*, and its military spies, profiting by a sort of social and political immunity, continue their task. There are thousands of agents of the O.V.R.A. on the Côte d'Azur. They have penetrated all the companies, all the unions. *Provocateurs* in the factories, the men who, during a parade or a meeting, shoot at the gendarmes or throw stones at the shop windows, the gentlemen who have set off bombs at Juan-les-Pins, Mont-Boron, Perpignan, Port-Vendres, work

for that same organization, whose headquarters, both in Nice and in Marseille, is in the Italian Consulate. Their business is to spy on the militant anti-Fascists, whom they denounce to the French police, implicate in imaginary plots and often dispose of upon orders from Rome. The assassination of the Rosselli brothers was arranged by the agents of the O.V.R.A.

While the members of the *Fascio* are recruited on the spot, and are connected with the Consulates, the members of the O.V.R.A. are constantly traveling. One sees them in all circles, posing as insurance agents or representatives of industrial concerns. Some of them even sell Neapolitan rugs from door to door. Although most of them are in constant contact with the Consulate, there are others who take their instructions directly from Rome. The latter, as a matter of fact, are there to keep an eye on the Consuls. The O.V.R.A.'s headquarters for France, however, is in Monaco, where it is beyond the reach of French law and can take advantage of the complacency of the local authorities.

There many Italian officers between Monaco and Toulon who, in spite of their elegant costumes, would be very embarrassed if they were asked to declare their means of livelihood. And the Fascists have many informers in the society circles of the cities on the Riviera. They are usually charming young Frenchwomen, the wives of lawyers, doctors and industrialists, members of the French Fascist organizations, who spy because of their

hatred of the Republic and the Popular Front, for love of adventure and also because it is an easy way to make money. They make frequent trips to Italy in luxury-trains, stay at the best hotels, have idyllic love affairs with the Papal counts and betray France lightheartedly.

It is they who besiege the officers of the Navy when the Fleet anchors at Villefranche, at Golf-Juan or at Cannes. They come to dance on board ship, to visit the submarines and the cruisers and seem strangely interested in the guns. You will find them prowling with their cameras, around the forts of Authion on Mont Agel, smiling at the officers and professing connections at the prefecture and the *mairie*. They look so innocent and preoccupied only with their frivolous social life. They cut a figure at the great balls, *ridottos*, horse-shows, charity teas and fairs run by the Parti Social Français. When one mentions Mussolini, they sigh and say: 'We need a man like him.'

There are others, the great courtesans of espionage, aristocratic Italian women who make a great fuss at hotels where they stay, or singers, comedians, dancers, whose departures are always followed by commotions in the General Staff. One of the most adroit and dangerous of them, known by the name of Mme. Xandri, recently stayed for a few weeks at Monaco. She has disappeared now, perhaps to bob up later in the summer, somewhere between Nice and Cannes with a new name and with her blonde hair dyed black.

Far from the roar of battle, Japan's
dead heroes are deified, and China's
orphans steal to keep from starving.

Oriental Sidelights

I. JAPANESE VALHALLA

By E. O.

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zürich Independent Weekly

WHOEVER dies on the field of battle defending the Flag of the Rising Sun proves himself worthy of beatification. Japan has a special shrine in Tokyo, the Yasukuni, meaning 'Peace of the Land,' in which the souls of the nation's heroes are worshipped through eternity. I was present when the first victims of the present war were thus honored. The Emperor Hirohito attended the ceremony, to bow his head in honor of the spirits of the dead. It was the most important memorial service since the outbreak of the war, and hundreds of thousands of his subjects blocked the thoroughfares in order to reach the Shrine. Throughout the Empire Japanese ceased their work and stood in awed silence at the appointed moment.

It was not easy to fight one's way to the Shrine. The wide avenues in that district open onto a medium-sized square, from which a single narrow street leads through an iron *torii*, or typical Japanese archway, to the renowned Yasukuni. The crowd on

the square exceeded by far the wildest expectations of the traffic police. Worshippers came not only from the city, but from all parts of Japan, alone, in pairs and in groups, the latter as delegates of patriotic organizations. All of them wished to participate, for all had done their part in the war.

The police measured up to their unexpected task, directing the vast crowd in an amazingly efficient manner. Groups of about one thousand worshippers were admitted in turn, and each group waited patiently until the preceding one had left the Shrine. Despite this admirable discipline, however, there was some jostling here and there. A diminutive old woman behind me looked despairingly for a way to escape from the throng. When I took the sleeve of her kimono and led her to the entrance of the Shrine, her '*Arigato*,' or 'Thank you,' came from the depths of her heart.

Every age and every class were represented, for a holiday had been

proclaimed and all stores and mills were closed. Cadets, schoolboys, pretty Korean women and venerable grandfathers came clad in their best. Under a bright Japanese spring sky and sun, they presented a colorful spectacle. Besides, this was no day of mourning. The warriors had died, some of them months ago, and they had already been mourned by the nation. Their families, guarding the little urns containing their ashes, were still grieving. But this was the day on which the nation had come to revere their newly glorified spirits. The atmosphere both inside the Shrine and outside among the multitude was one of serene meditation.

The war was not popular at first. No one seemed to know what Japan was fighting for. Only a few years ago the whole of Manchuria had been taken. Thousands of young farmers had died on the battlefield, and the reward was small. Manchukuo, a Japanese State on the Asiatic mainland, was a disappointment. Now, only six years later, the Army wanted to create another new State. Sacrifices would be great and the return would, at best, be doubtful. Scepticism was general. Then, the punitive expedition, which the military experts had estimated at ten days, had become a war, and the war had already lasted a year. True, the victories were impressive, but at tremendous cost in blood and treasure. At home the Japanese were being pinched to pay higher prices and more taxes. There were fewer comforts. All these things were hardly calculated to make the war to chastise China popular.

It sounds paradoxical, but something like this has happened, because after certain initial doubts the whole

Japanese nation has come to regard this war as its common task. Clamorous popular enthusiasm, for which the Government is so eager, is lacking. Foreigners who were in Japan during the war with Russia thirty-four years ago recall scenes of wild enthusiasm. There have been no such displays during the China Incident; yet today the entire nation stands behind the soldiers who are fighting on foreign soil. The Japanese want to end this war so that their sons, brothers and fathers may return for good, and they want to end it victoriously, for Japan's honor is at stake.

No, there is not the enthusiasm which the Government desires. Instead, there is a grim determination to win. The people are following the course of the struggle beyond the Yellow Sea with gritted teeth. They did not want this war, but they will not give in.

II

The rites at the Yasukuni marked the first milestone toward victory. The impressive ceremony aroused feelings which are usually hidden deep down in the strange Japanese soul. The Emperor himself, divine protector of the Japanese people and direct descendant of the Sun Goddess Amaterasu, came to honor the souls of his dead subjects. And in the minds of the Japanese this honor which has been bestowed upon them outweighs a thousandfold the sufferings endured in their earthly existence. It may seem strange that the cult of the Emperor, and that of the dead, are accepted as a matter of course in a country which is outwardly so strongly under Western influence. The Westerner may be inclined to doubt the sincerity of this

other-worldly outlook; but such doubts are soon resolved and one is surprised time and again when he observes how strongly these beliefs are held even among groups which he has regarded as sophisticated.

At the ceremony I have described, 4,533 new souls were beatified. Their names, inscribed on little wooden tablets, are now enshrined in the Yasukuni, and they bring the number of the dead in the temple to 135,000.

Of these 4,533 new souls, 3,855 belonged to the Army and 678 to the Navy. There were 301 officers. The exact number of those who have died on the battlefield is not yet known, but it is assumed that those beatified at this memorial were about one-fifth of the total, and further ceremonies in the Yasukuni Shrine are expected. Thousands upon thousands will come then, as they came today, to make their obeisance and leave. The silent, deep bow is all that Japanese propriety permits in the way of emotional expression. They are a Spartan race. But this bow signifies a close relation-

ship between each individual and the souls of the dead, and in that way with the fighting forces. The whole ceremony is well suited to keep the people in line, and one may rest assured that it fulfills the purpose for which it is intended. It is a link between the populace at home, which is enduring a period of severe sacrifice, and the Army, which is fighting on foreign soil for a none too popular goal. Doubts and complaints are all dispelled when hundreds of thousands bow in Japan's great Pantheon.

I was surprised to learn that beatification is not exclusively reserved for fallen soldiers and sailors, but that civilians as well—those who die for the Emperor on the field of battle—are honored. Several reporters have already been glorified in the Yasukuni. My companion, a Japanese war correspondent just back from the Front, said to me: 'All the time I was in China, I hoped I would be hit by a bullet. Then, I, too, would have been honored here today.'

He meant it.

II. CHINA'S VAGRANT YOUTH

By GEORGE LEONOF

From *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

FOR fifteen years after the Revolution, homeless children roamed the Russian cities, stealing for a living and fighting for possession of the loot. Now, as a result of the slaughter and economic and social demoralization caused by the Japanese invasion, similar gangs of homeless Chinese children have been organized, and they have sprouted from the same germs—hunger and despair.

They operate in the large cities, especially in Shanghai, much along the same lines as the Russian *bezpri-zorniki*, though they seem to be better organized. Their methods of obtaining food are crude but very efficient. At an appointed hour they meet at a designated corner of the city early in the morning or late at night, when there are few pedestrians to interfere with their getaway.

They act swiftly. As soon as their number swells to some thirty-five or forty, they rush a foodstall or shop, snatching as much as they can put their eager hands on before the street-pedlars or employees of shops, overwhelmed by the suddenness of the attack and their numbers, can raise an alarm. In less than a minute they have denuded the shop and have disappeared through a labyrinth of alleys, each boy taking a different course.

These boys are always led by one or more adults. Within four days, two such raids were successfully carried out by a single gang of youths in their teens. On both occasions the signal was given by an adult, who blew a shrill whistle, which sounds as unlike a police whistle as such an instrument can.

One of the raids victimized a Chinese bakery and confectionery at the corner of Fokien and Foochow Roads, within the now over-populated central district of Shanghai. With the curfew still in effect at 11:30 o'clock each night, the gangs are unable to await a late hour. They gathered presumably at 8:30 that evening. Some fifteen minutes later, about fifty youths, led by adults, suddenly converged upon the shop. Grabbing at anything within reach, regardless of whether it was candy or bread, they had vanished before the frightened employees could even send in an alarm.

Another such raid occurred early in the morning, before the city's business center started to hum. At the corner of Kiangse and Canton Roads, where street-hawkers with their mobile kitchens gathered to sell rice cakes, bean-curd, Chinese pork-pies and other food to ricksha coolies and manual labor-

ers, they descended again. Seemingly out of the blue, approximately two score of the vagabonds swooped down upon the hawkers like a swarm of locusts upon a field and left the same emptiness in their wake.

Really criminal tendencies are as yet dormant in the gangs. The boys want only to eat and are satisfied at having found at least a temporary solution to this gnawing problem. Shanghai's crack police force, sadly overworked by armed thugs, terrorists, petty criminals and the general tension of the situation, have not been able to give their *bezprizorniki* much thought. They are not inclined to take a serious view of the raids, as the gangs are obviously formed of children misled by older and more daring but essentially harmless hooligans. They seem to think that they can be quickly and thoroughly dispersed when the police has time to deal with them.

But the problem will not be easily solved. As long as the boys crave food and stealing is the only means for them to satisfy their hunger, it does not require a student of psychology to conclude that they most certainly will keep on stealing. It is true that Soviet Russia solved her *bezprizorniki* problem; but Russia needed every available man and boy for her immense industrial machine. The roving vagabonds were trained to become useful workers. China's problem is harder. With a population of 450 millions she does not need every available boy. She cannot afford to school him and feed him until he can be made self-supporting, even if this were her burning desire. Nor can she even use all the untrained boys in their teens as fodder for the enemy's guns.

What Australia is doing to develop
the vast unsettled area 'North of 22.'

Australia's Great Backyard

By SIR HERBERT GEPP

From the *Herald*
Melbourne Nationalist Daily

IT IS easy to say Northern Australia. It flows rather glibly from the tongue. But what does it mean? In area alone it means 700,000 square miles north of 22 degrees south latitude—a slice of land bigger than many countries. It has a coastline of more than 4,000 miles. You could put all of Britain and most of the Continent into that area. Yet in this vastness there is a population of only 35,000 whites (exclusive of 100,000 workers in the sugar belt), and perhaps 20,000 aborigines. Over 60 per cent of the 35,000 whites are in Queensland.

For centuries Northern Australia has been an 'Empty Quarter,' while the neighboring countries of Papua, Java, Sumatra, New Guinea and the Netherlands Indies were comparatively thickly populated before ever the white man found Australia. It was empty because of the inhospitable conditions, because of the long dry spells every year, because there was no way to store water or irrigate the arid lands.

Also, it would appear that there is not much land fertile enough for intensive cultivation; and in any case, under forced systems of intensive cultivation in tropical climates, there was always the threat of disease to men, crops, flocks and herds. It is no wonder that the ancient peoples from Africa and Asia, as they spread southward and eastward, preferred the islands of the Pacific to Northern Australia.

We have come into the heritage they passed by. We have come with the power to see below the surface with our science—to search for riches, the possible existence of which they never dreamed. They passed it by because they did not know and could not understand. We are beginning to know and understand, and we can develop and index permanently for posterity. We must not permit our opportunity to pass by.

One of the main disadvantages of our democracy is an impatience for immediate returns—the cry for results

almost overnight—the inability or refusal to realize that far-sighted study and work are essential to profit from resources which are not easily exploited. We must realize that national effort is essential to develop and use resources which are not apparent or profitably available to smaller associations of individuals, such as companies and corporations.

II

Northern Australia is mainly a pastoral and mining country, although there are extensive marine activities around many hundreds of miles of the northern coastline. In the pastoral industry, development now waits on the report of the Payne Committee, which is investigating the questions in the Northern Territory. As to its mineral resources, I conceived the idea several years ago of a coöperative effort by all the States concerned in North of 22, to see what really could be done there—what the possibilities really were. Why not a central organization, using the latest methods of geological research and coöpting the Royal Australian Air Force for aerial mapping and transport under service conditions, to make an assessment of the mineral wealth of this vast old land surface?

The idea of the Northern Australia Survey was by no means based on an expectation of finding a new Eldorado. The aim was research. Then, when economic circumstances were favorable, economic development could proceed without delay.

The Survey was inaugurated in 1934. The Australian Commonwealth contributes half the cost, the States of Queensland and Western Australia a quarter each. By the end of the first

three years of operation, to the end of 1937, the comparatively small amount of £150,000 was spent—small indeed in relation to the objectives.

Now, what was the problem facing the Survey at the outset? Here, North of 22, is a huge semi-continent. What is in it? Who really knows his Australia? Before we began scientifically to find out for ourselves and for our descendants what lies beneath the grim face of unknown Australia, we had no idea that under the inscrutably serrated features of Cape York Peninsula, lay auriferous belts and millions of tons of iron ore.

The adequate population of our hinterland depends to no mean extent on the exploitation of mineral areas, for population follows the mine. At Wiluna, for example, at one time a comparatively deserted pinpoint on the map, there are now 1,000 breadwinners, and on the Mount Isa field 1,500. These areas were sheep runs. Now surplus profits from the mining are going into more sheep runs, expanding the pastoral industry, consolidating primary production. Men who have never owned an ounce of soil in their lives are beginning to get a landed stake in their country. New centers of civilization are being created. Sources of new wealth are being tapped, and we know that wealth attracts wealth.

Another immediate effect of new mining activity is better transport, as communications are expanding. When work began on the mineral deposits of Mount Isa, the Queensland Government immediately ran a railway out to the field. The Western Australian Government ran a railway out to Wiluna when mining started there. Kalgoorlie and Castlemaine began

round the poppet head. History is being repeated today.

The Survey, by assessing Australia's mineral possibilities and circulating its findings throughout the world in its printed reports, points the way for capital investment, the directors of which very likely would never otherwise have suspected that there was room for widespread mineral exploitation in this country.

The Survey is, however, an unbiased assessor. Investors can take its word, trust its reliability. For instance, at Tennant Creek, the geophysicists with the Survey, confirmed by diamond drillers, proved that ore bodies would be found at certain depths.

We say to investors: 'Ore has in the past been found at such and such a depth, but if you bore to certain other depths you will find ore there also. You need not waste time and money on special plant to test this statement. It is true.'

III

Probably the most spectacular parts of the North Australia Survey's work are in geophysics and aerial photography. In the old days much depended on the instinct of the gold-digger. Experience in the hard school of the gold-fields was usually the beginning and end of his science. But the North Australia Survey, in its essentially modern attack on the problems of surveying and locating minerals, bases its operations on a fusion of the sciences of geology and physics.

The job of the geophysicist is to detect minerals lying hidden in the earth by using electrical and magnetic instruments set up on the surface. In the earth's surface and under it are frequently found irregularities—faults

where there have been slips and slides of rock, leaving cracks and fissures, into which molten matter containing minerals has been forced from deep in the earth, or into which mineral-bearing fluids have filtered.

These irregularities are called anomalies, and these anomalies are what the geophysicist is after when he goes out with his instruments. He has various methods of 'seeing' underneath the surface and of detecting anomalies that may contain minerals.

If you ever studied physics you will remember an experiment with a sheet of paper, some iron filings scattered on it, and a magnet. When you passed the magnet under the paper, what happened to the iron filings?

They immediately moved about and formed a more or less regular pattern. The magnet attracted some and repelled others until there was a series of set curves and semi-circles formed by the filings. Then, if you passed another magnet over the filings, they were disturbed—the curves and semicircles became faulty and irregular.

Now when the geophysicist sends an electric current down into the earth, the needle on the dial of his instrument remains steady if the earth's structure is homogeneous. Its reactions, like the reactions on the iron filings on the white paper, are normal in their steady curves. But immediately the current going down into the earth meets a structure with a different conductivity, there is a disturbance, and from the intensity and type of this reaction the geophysicist is able to make his predictions. He is then able to pass this data on to the geologist, who takes it into consideration when forming his final recommendations.

Some of the earlier exponents of geophysical research made extravagant claims for its results—claims which even now cannot be substantiated. Geophysics is, after all, a new science. Its methods are at their best in the search for base metals such as iron, copper and lead, and it is only quite recently that the quest for gold deposits has come within their scope.

Gold cannot be detected directly, because of the extremely small quantities contained even in a rich ore. So the geophysicist confines his attention to a search for minerals and structures generally harboring gold. One of the main uses of geophysical prospecting therefore is to prepare underground exploration. Otherwise the geophysicist has a definite limitation in that he may detect an ore body and give some indication of its dimensions and depth, but in the present state of the science he cannot say whether it will be a payable grade of ore. This can only be ascertained by trenching, shaft sinking and drilling—the trial-and-error procedure called testing.

Suitable conditions have been found on many well-known fields, some of which are now almost abandoned, and where there may be still undiscovered ore bodies deep beneath the surface. The possibility of rediscovering some such rich field that has been abandoned in the past is part of the romance of this new science.

Aërial photography as an adjunct to geological survey is also a comparatively new science. The Royal Australian Air Force pilots and cameramen who are doing this work for the Survey carry special cameras with lenses calibrated to enable separate photographs to be taken, which, when

they are put together, make a complete picture of a wide area called a photograph mosaic.

IV

We must get used to the idea that the exploitation of the North involves an immense expenditure of capital for returns that may be disappointingly slow. The Governments concerned have for some time been aware of both the difficulties and the possibilities of North of 22. In a memorandum issued by the Prime Minister's Department in 1933, the Commonwealth Government stated that it was prepared:—

1. To consider grants to chartered companies to develop the North, and to ask Parliament to pass legislation safeguarding their rights.
2. To apply a special tariff.
3. To legislate for exemption from land and income tax over a long term.
4. To consider favorably proposals for mineral development.

Even admitting all the obstacles that must be overcome, it is certain that a period of increasingly rapid development is approaching for the unexploited areas. The increase of economic activity throughout the whole world is helping to develop the mineral resources, and the report of the Payne Committee recommending the more rapid opening up of pastoral and other land enterprises will make a material contribution to the economic stability of the great pastoral industry of Northern Australia.

There is need for a closer association between the Governments of the Commonwealth, Queensland and Western Australia, which, between

them, are responsible for the administration of Northern Australia. The final control of the huge backyards of these States is in each case several thousands of miles away. This situation certainly involves inefficiency, but it cannot be remedied at present.

Some Australians are talking seriously about using Diesel-engined planes to bring fat lambs from the Northern Territory to metropolitan markets. Once transport begins in this way, air travel is going to change the development of the country in all directions. It will make Alice Springs a suburb of Melbourne. The network of air-mail routes is growing over most of Northern Australia, and the modern outback pilot becomes the vegetable man and the butcher, as well as the postman.

In the past, also, tropical diseases have been a real obstacle to the white man's utilization of these regions, but medical and dietetic research is rapidly making even the tropics safe for the European. Malaria, dengue fever, hookworm and filariasis are losing most of their terrors; and scientists, in their endeavors to control malaria, have discovered that the use of the

drug, *plasmoquin*, can render carriers of malaria, mostly natives, no longer a danger.

But if Northern Australia is to carry a white population that is physically and mentally efficient, two main problems must be solved. Living conditions generally must be improved—suitable clothing, for example, in colors that will filter actinic rays, must be devised; and no population can thrive unless the men have their women with them.

You cannot justify possession of a country unless you know what is in it. You are bound to assess its possibilities and its value. And Australians must realize that if they seriously desire to keep their continental estate intact, they must be prepared to make sufficient contributions from their surplus earnings in richer centers to develop the areas which present more difficult problems. That is a responsibility of all ownership, of all occupation. It is at once a privilege, a right and a duty.

If Australia does not put this policy into practice she will undoubtedly be challenged at the bar of world opinion.

ALONE IN A WICKED WORLD

The truth is that no country in Europe but our own can conceive it possible that action can be dictated by purely moral motives, entirely regardless of self-interest, and the sooner we recognize that we are the only country in Europe with a conscience, the better. . . . We must recognize that our moral standpoint is beyond the comprehension of other European countries, and reconcile ourselves to the fact that it will always be genuinely and quite honestly misunderstood.

—Letter to the *London Times*

About 'Exilia,' the world's most-needed Utopia; about Sokotra, which might serve the purpose; and a sketch of the formidable Driver Ant of Africa.

Miscellany

I. EXILIA

By BEVERLEY NICHOLS

From the *Sunday Express*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

IF ONLY there were some island in the world where one saw *NO QUESTIONS ASKED* written in big letters on the dock!

'If only there were some strip of land where one could go without feeling that one was lower than the animals, just because one has no passport. It wouldn't matter where it was—a strip of jungle, a corner of the desert—as long as one was free. They could call it Exilia.'

'Exilia!' The first speaker lifted his glass. 'Let's drink to it.'

We drank, sadly, silently, for we knew that such a land would never be found on the map, as long as maps are made by men.

Of the four young men in the little café, I was the only one who could be termed 'respectable.' That is to say, I was the only one whose 'papers' were in order. In my pocket reposed a

little magic book which, if needed, had only to be opened to summon the entire might of the world's greatest Empire to my aid. For inside its cover one read:—

We, Robert Anthony Eden, a Member of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, etc., etc., request and require in the name of His Majesty all those whom it may concern to allow the bearer to pass freely without let or hindrance and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need.

For the price of a few shillings I can have the assurance that wherever I go in the world, the British Government not only 'requests' but requires that I am to be treated with respect.

Let us return to our exiles. One was a German Jew. One was a Spaniard of the old régime, who was opposed to

Franco. One was a Russian revolutionary who was opposed to Stalin. All were quite ruined, for obvious reasons. All were technically 'criminals,' because they couldn't get a rubber stamp on a piece of pasteboard.

Yet, somehow, they were existing, as long as the French police would allow them to do so. I hope it may be a long time. For though the French police may not have so brilliant a reputation as the British, they are gifted with a most refreshing common sense.

Consider the case of the German Jew. He got out of Germany just in time, about ten months ago. When he arrived in Paris, and reported to the police, he was told that his visa would only hold good for a month, and that if he wanted it renewed, he must cross the frontier into Germany again—which would have meant instant arrest.

So he came down south. He went to the police again. It was then that they showed their kindness. They saw he was a cultured, gentle young man. They said:—

'Legally, we should send you back to Germany at once. We will not do that. We will let you stay—only just keep out of our way. *And keep out of trouble.*'

Now, put yourself in his position. No money. No dole. Work not only impossible, but actually illegal. No citizenship. No rights. The only means of making money—and, remember, he is what is known as a 'gentleman'—to skulk about the streets, getting a few francs for watching a car, standing outside the Casino in the hope that some rich woman will let him mind her dog. And always danger stalking behind him.

'I would join the Foreign Legion,' he said. 'But then. . . .' he held out his thin, sensitive hands. They had the look of the hands of a consumptive (which I believe him to be). 'I do not think they would have me.'

There are tens of thousands of these people scattered all over Europe. The life of a man on the dole in Britain is paradise compared with the life of these exiles.

I have just been speaking to a very old lady who has just come back from one of the most extraordinary missions which any woman can ever have made.

We will call her Madame Z. She is nearly eighty. She ekes out a precarious living by teaching foreign languages in—well, somewhere on the Riviera.

She calls herself a Hungarian. Actually, she is Rumanian, for her home was in that part of Hungary which was annexed by Rumania after the war. She had saved for nearly twenty years to go back to her husband's grave (which is now in Rumania). She wanted to go to it for one reason. Not to lay flowers on it, but to scatter earth on it—Hungarian earth.

And so, at last, she went. She took the train to Budapest. In Budapest she got a little box and filled it with earth from a garden. She went on in the train, and reached the frontier.

They were being very careful at the Customs that day. Political refugees and all that. They turned her suitcase upside down. And then they said:

'What is in that little box?'

'It is nothing—nothing to declare.'

'Nothing?'

'Just—just special soil. For some flowers.'

'Dead flowers, eh?'

For they knew what she was doing. She was not the first Hungarian to make such a pilgrimage. And they opened the little box, and threw the

earth away. It was raining hard, and in a few moments it had turned to mud.

She stared at it. An old lady of eighty, staring at a little patch of mud.

II. THE ISLE OF BLISS

By SIR ERNEST BENNETT

From *News-Letter*, British National Labour Party Fortnightly

WHENEVER I have mentioned to anyone that I once spent two months in Sokotra, nine persons out of ten have replied: 'Where is Sokotra?' Here is an island, a Protectorate of Great Britain, of no mean size—it is roughly 80 miles long by 20 broad—which is to the world at large almost unknown. Well—Sokotra actually lies in the Indian ocean, south-east of Aden, in the track of an immense maritime traffic and every year travelers by the thousands see it as they pass between Europe and the farther East. Nevertheless, I doubt if within the last one hundred years more than a score of Englishmen have set foot on the shores of this lonely but delectable island: it is ignored by tourists, traders and missionaries alike.

No steamer ever visits Sokotra, whose scanty imports, in exchange for the *ghi* (or clarified butter) it exports, are brought in Arab *dhows*. It was in one of these primitive vessels that I crossed the 500 miles of sea between Aden and Sokotra—a nerve-racking experience. The *dhow*, although a good seaboat—the voyage took only five days—swarmed with vermin, and, as it was Ramadan, the crew slept all day and held revel all night, lighting open fires on the decks, which were oozing with *ghi*, and only hanging out

lights when they caught sight of a steamer. As a climax, the ship compass jammed and I had to steer the vessel by a small pocket compass on my watch chain.

Yet in earlier centuries Sokotra was far from unknown. Its very name, derived from the Sanskrit *Dvipa-Sakkad-bara*—hence the Greek name Dioscorides—means 'the island abode of bliss;' and apart from its natural charms, Sokotra was a busy center of maritime commerce. According to Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century every ship bound for Aden called there and a vigorous trade was carried on in rice, frankincense, dyes and gold.

The inhabitants, too, in earlier times must have greatly exceeded the present population, which is only some seven to the square mile. Arab historians declared that Sokotra could place 10,000 soldiers in the field—more than the total population today. Everywhere signs exist of human energies and activities far beyond the range of the present race of islanders. Here and there one comes across the foundations of large and imposing buildings, with walls, in some cases, five feet thick; and all over the interior there are long stone walls, stretching from the valleys to the summits of the hills, which

have no significance whatever today, but which must once have been the boundaries of fields belonging to a population living on the soil.

II

The religious history of the island is full of interest. Christianity secured an early foothold in Sokotra, and local tradition still points out a ruined building in the southwest corner of the island as the church built by the Apostle St. Thomas on his way to India. My main reason, indeed, for visiting Sokotra was to discover any surviving traces of this early Christian church with, possibly, the chance of some stray manuscript among the archives of a mosque. The results of my researches in this respect were extremely disappointing. With great difficulty and the outlay of considerable *baksbeesh*, I persuaded the *Mullab* of a small mosque at Ghalansir to allow me inside. There were a few Korans in a box but not a trace of any other documents. On one of the stones of an arch, however, was a deeply incised cross. This symbol and a few other crosses cut in rocks and the fragments of some double wooden crosses in a cavern full of human bones were the only relics I could find of the ancient faith.

However, in the sixth century A.D., a Church whose members are described curtly by Abulfedd as 'Nestorians and pirates,' existed in Sokotra, owing allegiance not to the Pope of Rome, but the See of Baghdad. This Church was still flourishing when, nine centuries later, Nicolas Conti stayed for two months in the island. But, for some mysterious reason, the islanders' Christianity appears to have

fallen to pieces by the seventeenth century, and the Carmelite priest Vincenzo tells a strange story of how he found the churches in a dirty and neglected condition and the fonts anointed with butter, while the people marched in procession, carrying a cross and candle and worshipping the moon. He noticed the constant use of a word which sounded like 'Alleluia' and all the women were called Maria. Any faint traces of a decadent Christianity which may have survived were finally swept away by the flood of Wahabi fanatics who reached Sokotra from South Arabia in 1835. The Church of Sokotra may almost be said to have lived without a history and to have perished without a memorial.

Although definite Christian remains are almost non-existent in Sokotra, letters and symbols cut in the rocks at Eriosh and elsewhere indicate an early connection with Abyssinian civilization. I noticed, too, the interesting use of old Sanskrit characters for branding camels.

The people of this remote island enjoyed in the Middle Ages an evil reputation not only as pirates, but as sorcerers. They took heavy toll from passing merchantmen, and both men and women used magic to control the winds and so bring ships within their power. When their Archbishop rebuked them for their piratical habits they replied that all their forefathers had been pirates and they could not violate family tradition.

The islanders of today live lazy and contented lives, possessing all they seem to need for food and clothing. Their staple diet consists of dates and goats' milk, varied at times by sea fish, especially sharks, whose malodor-

ous bodies lie drying in the sun on every beach. The only cultivated land I saw was that of small garden plots. The houses are wretched structures of dried mud, while wool, camels' hair and palm leaves provide mats and clothing.

The population of Sokotra is very mixed. A rather unsatisfactory blend of Arabs and Negroes occupies the plains between the mountains and the sea; but in the highlands of the interior I came across a chocolate-colored race speaking a peculiar dialect—largely of Arabic origin—called *Sokoteri*. These interesting people dwell largely in caves, and are far more pleasant to deal with than the Negroid Arabs of the coast villages. Though nominally Moslem, they paid little attention to outward forms of worship and, as far as I saw, possessed not a single mosque.

III

The scenery of the interior is very striking. From a central plateau the great Haghier range rises to a height of over five thousand feet. Beit Molech, the highest peak, still awaits a climber who will face its precipitous crags, but I managed to scale the next highest peak, Jebel Dryet (4,400 ft.), and built a small cairn on the summit. In places the climb was largely a matter of scrambling hand over hand, and there were always unpleasant possibilities of contact on the ledges with snakes, whose rustling movements I often heard in the scrub.

I shot one of the handsome wild asses which are numerous in the uplands—a species peculiar to Sokotra—but the only other wild animals of any size, wild goats and civet cats, were rarely seen. Bird life was abun-

dant in the beautiful forests of the interior, and there was a native tradition of a gigantic bird which had once lived in the island—perhaps the cassowary?

What of the future of this delightful island? For generations its people have lived their idle and hand-to-mouth existence. Its fertile soil is utterly neglected; its agricultural and geological resources untried. The market for indigo, once a staple article of export, has been destroyed by the discovery of aniline dyes. But the juice of the dragon's blood tree, used in the manufacture of paint and varnish, we import from the more distant Sumatra and South America, though this strange-looking tree grows abundantly in Sokotra.

In earlier centuries Sokotra exported cotton, and the soil grows tobacco well; such crops within ten days of England might be worth consideration. Herds of cattle and sheep find good pasturage on the fertile uplands, but at present the islanders export nothing except a certain amount of the *ghi*, or clarified butter I mentioned previously, which is sent to the Arabian mainland.

The two main obstacles to any future development of Sokotra are the unhealthiness of the Tamarida plains, and the absence of any safe harbor in the dreaded months of the southwest monsoon. Neither of these seem insuperable. Modern methods could eliminate the mosquito from the low-lying areas, and in any case the fertile uplands enjoy a thoroughly healthy and equable climate. As to harbors, the bay of Tamarida provides good anchorage but would require an adequate mole to shelter vessels from the southwest gales.

At present not a single lighthouse exists to warn shipping from the dangerous reefs of Sokotra. Below the cliffs of Ras Momi, at the eastern end of the island, I saw the wreckage of a German ship, lost with all hands; and later came the loss of the Pacific and Orient liner *Aden* with a lamenta-

ble loss of life in these shark-infested waters.

What adventurous souls—Jew or Gentile—will undertake the development of this delectable island, and bring back its former prosperity and the significance of its old-time name—‘the island abode of bliss?’

III. AFRICAN SCAVENGER

By H. A. SPENCER

From the *Contemporary Review*, London Topical Monthly

AMONG the many useful scavengers which roam the veldt and forests of Africa, the Driver Ant, ferocious and inexorable, must be included. Over the sun-warmed earth of tropical and sub-tropical Africa ants of all sizes and species swarm everywhere, receiving scant attention from the grazing animals. Not so the Driver Ant. This insect is feared by every animal that roams the veldt, and horse-men coming upon a stream of Driver Ants crossing a road find it impossible to force their steeds over it. The sight, or perhaps the scent, of an army of these ants stampedes all animals from their neighborhood, and when they enter a house or hut, all vermin hurry from it on the opposite side, leaving their callow broods at the mercy of these ants, to be devoured. Even man, when these ants encroach upon his habitation, hastens from it and leaves everything to them until they have scoured it and have left the neighborhood. Their scavenging is extraordinarily effective and not a crumb will be left!

I have encountered the Driver Ants in the jungles of West Africa and on the veldt in Bechuanaland in South

Africa and studied them as they traveled and as they worked through a house, with deep interest; but the resolute manner of their advance, the speed at which they stream over the ground and over every obstruction opposing them, altering their direction this way and that in an instant, has sent a thrill through me on more than one occasion!

This species of ant appears to have been studied individually and in its life and activities below ground to a lesser extent than have other members of the family, which is perhaps understandable. Like other insects living underground, they appear to be blind or nearly so, exercising other faculties such as touch, hearing and smell to an unusual extent. They have, however, a single small eye, deep set in their heads, which is of simple construction, instead of the usual cluster of eyes found in other insects more dependent upon vision. They appear to communicate with each other by means of their antennæ, a touch with which is interpreted and responded to instantly and passed down a long line of ants on trek with extraordinary rapidity.

The Driver Ant is black in color and is encased in a shell which gives him protection from the sun and resists a good deal of pressure. As seen on the surface, an army of Driver Ants consists of thousands, even millions, of sexless workers, three-eighths of an inch in length, provided with strong mandibles; they travel in long lines eight or ten abreast, every worker in touch with those on each side and with those behind and in front so that no interval is apparent anywhere in the line throughout its length.

On each side of this advancing line of workers a single line of soldier ants, half an inch in length, armed with a formidable pair of pincers, always travels, guiding and protecting them; at the sound of a step or perhaps the smell of an intruder, a few soldiers will leave the column and at great speed circle round in that direction. If an intruder is discovered, a few of them streak back to the column, touch it and, the intimation being passed on, the column *instantly* bulges out in the direction of the threat without the line breaking. Directly the threat is removed, the line straightens again and proceeds on its way.

II

Some years ago I visited Old Calabar, on the Calabar River in West Africa, and walked up to the Mission on the hill above the river to pay my respects to the missionary in residence there. The old gentleman had been there for 'nearly forty years,' he told me. I found him interested in natural history as well as in the native welfare, and learning that I was collecting insects and keen on entomology, he said:—

'Well, tomorrow morning I shall be able to show you the Driver Ants at work in my house! You see those big ants scurrying about out there?' pointing to some black ants literally streaking about in circles on bare ground, so rapidly that it was difficult to follow them, 'Those are the soldiers of the Driver Ants, reconnoitering to see what is to be had in this vicinity; by tomorrow morning they will be here with millions of smaller ants and swarm all over my house, inside and out. We shall have to move out of it in good time and wait until they have cleaned the whole place up!'

The house was raised about a couple of feet above the ground on piles. I asked him to send a message to my ship lying in the river if the Drivers came, as I should be glad to come up and see them at work.

'They'll be here all right!' he assured me. 'They have been here several times since I arrived and cleaned up the Mission, the last time nearly two years ago now. You never saw such a housecleaning! Not a rat or a mouse, not even a cockroach was to be seen in the neighborhood when they finished their job. I know them! When they come we just move out of the house with a table and chairs under this tree and live here until they've gone! Everything edible in the house they'll clean up and won't leave a crumb or an insect of any kind. At their approach, rats and mice leave their young and scamper off pell-mell! Last time they came, a sick goat lay in the shade of a bush near by and in three days nothing was left of it but clean bones.'

'When I first came here about forty years ago it was the horrid custom of some of the neighboring chiefs to peg

down their criminals in the road or a clear bit of ground and leave them to be devoured by the Driver Ants, and while going round my district I came upon a skeleton of a human being pegged out in the road. One of my readers accompanying me told me all about it. I pulled up the chief who was responsible for that and accused him of murder; I made him compensate the man's wife and children. Thank goodness we've altered all that and stopped such barbarous customs.'

Next morning I was again at the Mission and witnessed a sight I shall never forget. Thousands upon thousands of Driver Ants streamed in orderly, serried ranks across the bare ground under and into the house. Through doors and windows, cracks and crannies, they continued their course up to the ceilings and through them to the roof; other columns hurried beneath the house and emerged through the floors into bedrooms, kitchen and pantry. In the latter they hung in black festoons, many ants deep, like a swarm of bees, around the tops of used saucepans, on an opened tin of condensed milk and a pot of jam, around dishes and plates which had contained remnants of food. Not a vestige of the tin and the jam pot was visible, they were so covered with swarming ants.

Wherever I looked, columns of ants were streaming along close to the walls, disappearing behind skirting boards and wainscoting, behind window frames loose in the walls. Here and there columns of ants, their bodies distended with food, were flowing out of the house while new columns arrived to relieve them, always in the same orderly formation and accom-

panied by soldiers who never left them. I had to move about with much circumspection lest I approach a column too closely, for when I did so, soldiers rushed toward my feet with pincers agape, followed immediately by a bulging column of workers. No materials, curtains, cushions were interfered with, only foodstuffs and insects of any kind they met.

A few years ago, while motoring from Gaberones to Molepolole in the Bechuanaland Protectorate one afternoon, I stopped to have a look at an ancient dump heap of quartz, evidence of prehistoric mining, which rose close to the road. I had nearly reached the dump when I was stopped by a broad column of Driver Ants crossing the bare ground in front of me; they emerged from the bush on one side and were streaming up the mound. As I approached the column, though still eight or ten feet away from it, the soldier ants conducting it became very excited and came toward me with gaping pincers, followed closely by the column of workers; when I stepped back, the column straightened and the soldiers returned to their places to continue their journey almost automatically. I was anxious to see what each worker carried in its mandibles but every time I approached the column they rushed to attack me and drive me away; any other ant would have scurried from my path, but these were Drivers. I accompanied the column to the top of the dump, where they disappeared into a hole beneath a large block of quartz. A number of soldiers mounted guard at the entrance to their home until the last worker had disappeared; then they followed them out of my sight.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Apocrypha

Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini sat fishing together on one side of the lake, and Mr. Chamberlain on the other. But while the British Prime Minister caught fish after fish, the two dictators could not even raise a bite.

'How do you do it, Neville?' they shouted across the water. 'There don't seem to be any fish on our side.'

'The fish are there all right,' replied Mr. Chamberlain, 'but they daren't open their mouths.'

—*News-Letter*, London

Opportunity Knocks

Publishers! Which of you would like to adopt my latest brain-child? It is a strong, promising boy, *i.e.*, an extremely timely religio-philosophical anti-Bolshevist lecture; pure Aryan, father a German Tyrolean who has now become—thanks to God and Hitler—a Reich German overnight. Write to: 'Stretch a hand of friendship to beautiful Austria,' No. 904, care of the B-B.

—Ad in the *Buchbändler-Börsenblatt*, Leipzig
(Trade organ of German publishers)

Sic Transit

Archduke Otto has just bought a large property in the Argentine, near Chabas, with the apparent intention of becoming a gentleman farmer. While his leaving Europe is significant, the true extent of his renunciation can be seen in the fact that the Pretender has decided to go to work. Although the royal houses which still cling to their thrones have become more and more democratic, striking from the court etiquette its most ridiculous anachronistic elements, the little Habsburg court in exile in Belgium has steadfastly observed the severe ritual of the Hofburg. The Archduke has never been known, for example, to go to a shop and buy anything, even a box of matches, for himself. His chamberlain always attended to such plebeian details. That he has become reconciled to the prospects of buying manure and haggling over the price of meat is truly resignation.

—*Europe Nouvelle*, Paris

When in Greece

It fell to my lot to lecture in Athens. My subject, semi-philosophical, semi-political, had been announced several weeks in advance. A few days before our cruise started, I received a letter warning me that, in view of recent changes in the political situation in Greece, it was important that I should avoid any reference to current affairs. On arrival in Athens there was a series of meals with official personages, both English and Greek. All impressed upon me the same warning; there must be no reference, not even the remotest, to politics.

It appeared that, a few weeks before, Mr. Wedgwood Benn had delivered a lecture on the British Commonwealth, in the course of which he had remarked that one of the greatest of the gifts that the British Commonwealth had given to the world was liberty. With one accord, the audience had risen to its feet and cheered and applauded for several minutes. Altogether the scene had been an outrage upon the properties of any properly regulated dictatorship, and it must not, I gathered, be allowed to occur again. On the morning of my lecture an excited official from the Censor's Department asked to see a copy of my manuscript. There was no manuscript. For some time the fate of the lecture hung in the balance. Was it to be delivered, or not? In the end the risk was taken, and to a hall lined at the back with policemen I lectured on Plato and Aristotle.

—C. E. M. Joad in the
New Statesman and Nation, London

Control—Italian Style

It is expected that the Non-Intervention Committee, which is meeting tomorrow, will decide on the reestablishment of control at the Pyrenees frontier.

Italy proposes to send 80,000 controllers.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Easy to Find

The German travel organization in London has issued posters inviting tourists to 'Visit Medieval Germany.' They won't need a map, we thought.

—*Tribune*, London

Favors from On High

Recently poor Charley Londonderry, who has the brains of a canary, told me enthusiastically how charming Hitler had been to give him a light for his cigar. I remembered that when Lord Haldane returned from Berlin in 1912, he reported that Wilhelm II had helped him into his coat.

—Pertinax

Umbrella Defense

Our English friends always carry their umbrellas around with them. As Halifax said to one of our representatives in London: 'It is better to find refuge under an umbrella which is big enough to protect two or three friends than to seek it in a ruined castle which threatens to collapse at any moment.' Can this be an allusion to the League of Nations?

—Choc, Paris

Benefits from Bombing

It is the crowded quarters which will suffer the most from bombing. Those quarters, however, are inhabited by those who have not succeeded in life—the refuse of the community, in fact, which would be well rid of them. Besides, the explosions of the bombs will inevitably cause many cases of madness. The person whose nervous system is deficient will not be able to survive the shock. In this way, bombing will help us to discover the neurasthenics in our community and to remove them from social life.

—*Archiv der Gesellschaft für Rassenbiologie*, Berlin

Royal Approbation

The King leaned forward toward one of the electric stoves, rubbed his hands in the comforting warmth, and remarked 'How nice!'

It is a phrase worthy of universal adoption by electrical fire manufacturers—the world's greatest tribute—Royal approbation—'How Nice!' It is magnificent in its brevity.

—*Wireless and Electrical Trades*, London

Descent

From the fact of the divine descent of the Japanese people proceeds their immeasurable superiority to the natives of other countries in courage and intelligence.

—Atsutané Hirata, Japanese historian

Notes vs. Bombs

The Government has protested. The bombing has continued, and the time has now arrived when the Government is beginning to consider how such protests can be made effective. More energetic protests may therefore be expected.

—*Times*, London

The Test

A new armed conflict threatens to break out, in South America, between Peru and Ecuador. Which of the two countries is the undoubted champion of civilization?

Before we say, we are going to wait for the first air bombardment of an open city. It is the side which carries this out which will have the right to the title.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Not by Bombs Alone

In Catalonia, since the Spanish War began, 1,553 people have been killed, 2,007 injured in 215 air raids.

On the roads of Britain in the same period of time 10,741 people have been killed, 360,326 injured.

War is ceasing to be mankind's greatest peril.

—*Daily Express*, London

Manna from Moscow

Because of the poor harvest, the Italian Government has had to import a huge amount of wheat, particularly from Soviet Russia. Moscow sold its wheat very willingly and at a fair price, but under one condition: that the Italian press give generous publicity to the sale as evidence of Russia's agricultural wealth. This demand has considerably embarrassed the Fascist papers, which had always claimed that Russia suffered from a perennial famine. There was no choice, however, but to accept the condition, and the Russians are still chuckling.

—*Europe Nouvelle*, Paris

What Germans Live By

On a German cabaret stage the following question is asked: 'Are you a member of the Elite Guards, the Storm Troopers, the Motor Corps, or any other National Socialist organization? If not, what do you live by?'

—*Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

FAMILIES IN FICTION

By SIR HUGH WALPOLE

From the *Listener*, London

I KNOW that I am engaged in rather a dangerous adventure in choosing this as my subject; for reviewers of novels, long family histories in fiction are worse than any poison. I do not criticize them for feeling like that, and I would only urge upon them that long novels and large families are nothing new in English letters.

The first question to ask is whether anybody enjoys reading about families in novels. The novelist obviously enjoys writing about them, but it is generally understood that as soon as a reader sees a family tree at the end of a volume, he sends the book back to the library. For one thing, if he—or probably she—looks on the novel as an art, which I don't think it altogether is, the large family is quite clearly inartistic; it is a sprawling, discursive thing with so many temptations to desert the theme of the book; it is, in fact, an excuse for laziness.

When you begin to think about writing a novel, you start mainly from atmosphere, or character, or idea. Ten years ago you started mainly with new ways of saying things copied from James Joyce, Aldous Huxley or Virginia Woolf. It mattered then almost entirely as to how you said things rather than what you said. Now it has changed altogether, with the younger generation at least. It matters what you say, the kind of political opinions you have, the sort of fashion in which you want the new world to be made. That is what is important.

Now neither of these creative impulses, either the technical one or the political one, is good for the creation of families, and as I believe the novelist's business is mainly the creation of character, of mak-

ing living and breathing human beings, I don't think that either of these two pre-occupations is good for the novelist as a whole. But if your business is with the creation of human beings, then the creator may become so deeply interested in them that he is forced to continue their history; he gives them uncles and aunts and grandmothers, and they go on appearing in one volume after another.

As a matter of fact, I think no major novelist before Anthony Trollope indulged very much in sequels. Thackeray wrote *Henry Esmond* and *The Virginians* and *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes* and *Philip*. Before him Scott wrote *The Monastery* and *The Abbot*. But in English fiction, at least, the great Victorians might very well have split up their enormous novels into some half-dozen separate ones and so given us sequels; but they wrote, as everybody knows, in little shilling numbers appearing month after month, with no term set to them except the public's weariness. The great Newcome family, for instance, with members as different as Ethel and Barnes and Clive and the Colonel, would have made quite half-a-dozen ordinary modern novels.

It would have been an exciting job for somebody, I think, to investigate the Newcome family and contrast them with Trollope's Greshams and Crawleys, and then after that, possibly, with Galsworthy's Forsytes. One common feature will be found at once, namely that English life until the present time was admirably suited to family novels because, for a hundred years at least, English life depended on the family, and all the most amusing functions—the things best suited to the novelist for humor and contrast—were family events, marriages, and country house parties, audacious visits to London and an occasional elopement.

But Trollope, I think, was the first English novelist really to have as his

continuous unceasing subject the life of the English family. When you look back on that great series, you remember that he made the scene one small county, Barsetshire, and radiated everything from that. Even with the political novels, *Phineas Finn* and its sequels, you feel that none of the London life would really exist successfully if Mrs. Proudie was not dominating Barchester and Mr. Slope fighting for victory; and the thing to notice here, I think, is that Trollope never thought of himself as an artist at all. In his very frank autobiography, which was so frank that its appearance killed the circulation of his novels for years and years afterwards, he stated that he looked on novel writing as a pleasurable business; that he went to it at a certain hour in the morning as an official would go to the bank, did the necessary quota of words and then stopped.

He suffered terribly from the danger of publishing his novels in parts or serials in magazines so that they became very often desperately attenuated. He had a great gift for dialogue, too, and his people could go on talking forever about absolutely nothing at all. How very bored you often would be with them if it were not that you felt behind them a large attentive family, waiting to hear the outcome of some trivial little adventure. In fact, when you use the word 'trivial,' you come very near to the heart of the whole matter. The great glory of families in fiction is that practically anything becomes important just as it does with families in real life. Gossip is at the heart of family interest if you are thinking of trivialities you can't possibly neglect one of the greatest chroniclers of trivial family life who ever existed, Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge.

I have called Miss Yonge a great chronicler of family life, and that was perhaps her only greatness. She wrote in easy Victorian style; she created character quite truly within her own very definite limitations, but her only business was to lead her readers into a moral world in

which virtue triumphed with the help of the Church of England, and any kind of wickedness, however minute, was inevitably punished. But I am not wishing to laugh at Miss Yonge, for her virtues were strong and important. There has never been anyone in any literature, I suppose, so supremely confident in her own created world; it is a world absolutely Victorian and absolutely English. If we take the long family chronicles, books like *The Daisy Chain*, *Pillars of the House*, *Hopes and Fears*, the romantic theme may be of a large size, such as murder, or of a very small size, like the agony of the hero of *The Pillars of the House* as to whether he will be confirmed on a certain Sunday or not, but Miss Yonge's quiet, and sometimes monotonous, charming voice never alters its pitch; one thing is just as important as another.

A generation ago many thousands of young people knew all the ramifications of all her different families. One of the experiences of my life, remembered by me now as a kind of dream, but strongly colored with almost everything that has gone, is the picture of those Sundays in a Wiltshire rectory when, the lamps lit, the curtains drawn, we sat on a sofa around the fire, and *The Pillars of the House* was read to us chapter by chapter, and we were handed a chocolate each at certain intervals.

The families in Miss Yonge's novels were always divided into the very virtuous and the faintly rebellious. Conversation was limitless, everyone talked and talked and talked, and as the years passed the families grew with such rapidity that, when Miss Yonge in her old age wrote a novel called *Modern Broods*, in which she brought together most of the members of her many families, there were so many characters that there was no time for them to do anything but to say: 'How d'you do?' and 'Good-bye' and the book was over.

And so I come, with a little shyness, to families in modern fiction. First of all, of

course, there are the Forsytes. Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte family has passed through all the phases of discovery—æsthetic appreciation, popular acclaim, æsthetic scorn. Very superior criticism in the years before Galsworthy's death affected to despise his fiction as being sentimental and false. The real reason of their scorn sprang, I think, from two causes: one that Galsworthy was a humanitarian and therefore sometimes sentimental, and the other that he understood the new post-War English generation less well than his own. We can begin to see clearly now that neither of those causes could damage at all the excellent solid virtues of the first three volumes of *The Forsyte Saga*. *A Man of Property* I firmly believe to be one of the best examples of family fiction ever written. The family of the Forsytes in that book stands, as it should, with the social world behind it, and that social world is the world of Galsworthy's youth. Nobody would ever again know it as well as he did. He had a theme there that excited him and stirred his fear and anger.

But it is his treatment of the family in this book that I so greatly admire. All the different Forsytes are there, individual and alive, unforgettable. Not only are they all alive on their own feet but they do definitely stand for a section of the social life in the England of that time. There is the hard glitter of gold in the air about them, you feel the lovely resonance of the beautiful goblets from which wine is poured. Here is a material world with so definite a body to it that one can sympathize with all the Forsytes in their joys and pleasures, although feeling at the same time that they are doomed.

The great virtue of the rest of the Forsyte Saga is the development of the character of Soames. Galsworthy comes to care deeply for him, and so do we. Behind and around Soames all the family gyrate. They become at the last, as I have said, a little unreal; Soames is finally the only reality left; but I like that—we feel that it is just. Soames doesn't understand

the post-War generation, and so his creator with him is a little blinded.

Two other famous families of our time are the Rakonitzes of G. B. Stern and the Canadian *Jalna* men and women created by Mazo de la Roche. The Rakonitzes are Miss Stern's finest work because in them her exuberance, gaiety and freedom of movement are in the right place. The whole spirit—the idealism, ruthlessness, greed, generosity—of the Jewish race is truthfully symbolized here. The most famous of the people, of course, is the Matriarch herself, and I would like to remark here that I hope the fashion of giving every family in fiction an ancient lady with a dominating temper to rule them will be held to have played its part sufficiently for the time being. I am as guilty as the others myself. Glitter and generosity contribute to a grand vitality in these books by Miss Stern, but they should be read together.

Miss de la Roche has a certain kinship with Trollope and Miss Yonge—not that she is tame or Victorian; her *Jalna* novels reveal a family whose adventures are often very dramatic indeed. She has the great virtue of being equally at home with all generations. Her principal figure, of course, is a dominating old grandmother, but she is one of the best of those granddaughters of Thackeray's Lady Kew. The *Jalna* family is mainly concerned with a fight between the lover of the land and the artist. When we look back over all the books, we see a snowy landscape across which horses are forever galloping, and then desolately on a little hill, all by himself, there is a small figure practicing on a violin, and not far away there is a great untidy house with many rooms, old-fashioned furniture and a great deal of food! I must say that Miss de la Roche keeps it up marvelously. If you do not like the *Jalna* family, you don't, but if you do like them you will find, I think, the sixth volume quite as interesting as the first. For my part I see no reason why she should not go on forever.

It is these books, I think, which really reveal the charm of families in fiction. That charm is entirely and absolutely intimacy. That is why, for instance, reviewers must be impatient of them, for they have no time to become intimate with them. One of the delights of a novel, even in these days, is to lose oneself in another world—I know that severe critics call this 'The Novel of Escape,' but they can jeer as they like—to become intimate with a large family of people, to share with them their hopes and fears and distresses and joys, to be acquainted with their most individual characteristics, to wish well to some, to dislike others, to love a few: this is a delightful experience and any novelist who can give it to us is, I think, our benefactor.

HINDEMITH'S NEW OPERA

PAUL HINDEMITH, the German composer, has just been honored by the Third Reich by being placed on the index of 'degenerate artists,' which now embraces not only painters and sculptors but also practically all living musicians of rank. Yet the world première of Hindemith's opera *Matbis, the Painter*, which took place during the summer festival at the Zürich *Stadttheater*, was one of the greatest musical events of the year. Music lovers should be grateful that this magnificent opera could be performed without restrictions in a free country, before a select international audience. Hindemith, who now is supervising the reorganization of Turkey's musical institutions and education, attended the rehearsals in person.

The inspiration for his new work was a visit to the famous Isenheimer Altar at Colmar in France, the work of the obscure German genius of the Middle Ages, Mathias Grünewald. To the sensitive mind of the composer, these pictures—including the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, the *Annunciation*, the *Crucifixion* and others, which rank among the finest masterpieces of the

early sixteenth century—at once demanded translation into music.

Hindemith is not only the composer of the opera; he wrote every word of the libretto as well—in itself an impressive accomplishment. The story is based on the remarkable life of Mathias Grünewald, who in the great peasant rebellion in the sixteenth century took the side of the oppressed serfs against his own friend and master, the Archbishop of Mainz. There are seven scenes, all set against a historical background; among them the Archbishop's Court at Mainz, the burning of the books, the peasants' war, and a scene in which Mathis, lost in the forest, falls asleep, envisioning the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, with himself playing the part of the Saint. This scene, employing Gregorian chants and using Grünewald's Altar as the setting, brings the opera to a magnificent climax.

The final scene is clearly influenced by Bach and other contrapuntists, though it remains at the same time faithful to Hindemith's characteristic atonal technique. As a drama, *Matbis* belongs to that neo-historical group—like the *Christoph Colomb* of Milhaud-Claudé, the *Oedipus Rex* of Stravinski-Cocteau, the *Charles V* of Krěnek—in which the reinterpretation of history and its leading protagonists is attempted. Emphasis is placed on the symbolical meaning of the characters and their background, rather than on individual histories. *Matbis* personifies the eternal problem: whether art has any justification unless rooted in the reality of life. In choosing this problem, Hindemith, a great poet and a musician of the first order, who formerly avoided 'problem' themes, here reveals his caliber as a philosopher.

Only a profound emotional experience could have brought forth words of such genuine praise and admiration as were bestowed upon Hindemith by his listeners and fellow musicians. In *Matbis*, they say, Hindemith reaches perfection.

—R. N.

BOOKS ABROAD

LESSONS FOR ENGLAND

EUROPE RE-HOUSED. By Elizabeth Denby.
London: Allen and Unwin. 1938.

(Clough Williams-Ellis in the *Spectator*, London)

THE outcome of eight years' practical experience of slum-clearing and re-housing at home, followed by a year's intensive investigation of post-War working class housing schemes in Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Holland, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, *Europe Re-housed* is a remarkable book, brilliantly illustrated, that will certainly take its place as a standard work and that should assuredly be read by every chairman and officer of every municipal housing committee.

Hers was a truly formidable program, but fortunately Miss Denby has a remarkably clear mind and a wholly admirable gift for the lucid tabulation of her findings. Further, the book has a quite unexpected charm. We are all inquisitive. We all want to know how other people eat and work and plan their day, and what she has to tell us has much of the interest of walking through a foreign town at that magic hour when living room lights are on, but the blinds have not yet been drawn. For it was clearly impossible to consider these housing schemes intelligently without first having a clear idea of the national habits of life, requirements and aspirations of the inhabitants of the different places. So you may read of the communal steam-bath in Finland and Sweden; of the provision of one free bath per head per month in Italy; of the housewives' preferences here or there for this or that way of cooking or doing the weekly washing; and of the method by which the men of the family prefer to go to and from their work.

She is just as clear and just as detailed in her exposition of various national

methods of financing housing schemes, of actual building and general lay-out. Of all the re-housing schemes she has visited, I think Miss Denby would put those of Vienna and Sweden in the first place. Now though Miss Denby (wisely coöpted by the London County Council to assist in housing matters) may indeed patriotically wish not to appear slighting to England's efforts, one does seem to detect a wistfulness in her just admiration for certain foreign achievements that even her fair-minded loyalty cannot wholly dissemble. Sharing her enthusiasms myself, I feel that in her place I should have been tempted to be offensively derisive of much of our democratic muddling where she is patiently explanatory—a far more difficult and helpful thing to be.

Only as compared to one other great European democracy—the French—do we seem reasonably sane; but then their unbusinesslike negligence with regard to town-planning and housing in general is just fantastic. The few imaginative and most interesting experiments in new suburb building on the outskirts of Paris, which have been so much publicized (Drance la Muette, for example), are brilliant exceptions to a rule of dismal hugger-mugger; and even some of these potential highlights seem to have proved unnerving failures, either through sabotage by uncontrolled rival private interests, or through inherent defects in transport and other necessary services. But the official French ineptitude with regard to housing generally is, maybe, one of the things that the new régime has a mandate to make an end of.

The author has some exceedingly sensible remarks to make about the general English attitude to housing:—

Every town plan must be based on transport, since that is the essential framework which links each area to its neighbor. But

transport should not be considered in the spirit of the British Ministry, whose motto is 'It is better to travel than to arrive.'

Movement, she wisely says, should be subordinated to life and enjoyment:—

It is more important to make a town fit to live in than easy to race through. The aim should be how few, and not how many, roads are needed in such a small country as Britain.

Again and again admirably conceived housing schemes are reported as having been spoiled through 'difficulties arising from the private ownership of urban land.' The phrase runs like a refrain through the book, particularly when France and England are being discussed.

In Soviet Russia the entire absence of this crippling obstacle is, of course, notorious, and I have myself seen and marvelled at the town-planning results in Moscow and elsewhere. But I was not so well aware how little private interference with public works is brooked in totalitarian Germany and Italy, to the immense gain of the general public and of the national estate. One wonders how much longer the democracies can afford to be so tender to the private owners of urban land.

But then, after such a momentary pang of envy for certain spectacular yet creditable doings in the dictator countries, one recalls the Scandinavian democracies, and particularly Sweden, probably the most civilized, prosperous and happy State in the world, and certainly, to me, the most attractive. How does Sweden manage these things? Miss Denby will tell you in detail, but this is her general appreciation:—

. . . Friendliness, security, ease and dignity of life—all combining to create an atmosphere of happiness which is not dispelled, however often acquaintance is renewed. Democratic, with no great extremes of riches or poverty to distress the mind: alive, alert, eager, full of fun, its inhabitants seem to be well on the way to attaining the full life . . . As ill designed and unregulated new building is prevented by the town plan

(which has had both local and Government approval), and as 'good' but old buildings are carefully protected, the beauty and unity of Swedish towns is increasing, and increasing rapidly. The general coördination of street-architecture is particularly fine, and the 'Wild-west' appearance of the majority of our English re-development areas seems to have been entirely avoided. For the control of development is really stringent.

It is interesting to find that Great Britain has spent far more per dwelling than has any other country:—

. . . It is true that the British problem of large industrial slum towns was greater than that of any other nation, the policy of granting a direct subsidy for land and buildings has been surprisingly extravagant. It can be justified only if these expensive new British homes surpass those of every other nation, incorporate every requisite for happy and healthy lives, and combine to form new areas which will wipe out the ugly heritage of the old industrial slums.

But *do* they? Too often our new housing estates are planned in England in such a way that:—

Englishmen themselves deplore the ribbon-rash, the ruined country, the shoddy ugly dwellings which have sprung up to meet the urgent needs of the people; hundreds of thousands of the poorest citizens have been segregated in lonely estates without adequate shops, without enjoyment, without sufficient anticipation of the help which they, as ex-slum dwellers, so urgently need.

In one particular, however, England ranks high, as it is only here and in Holland that the desirability is officially recognized of providing a living-room, with separate bedrooms for parents, boys and girls. Also, no doubt, we should get creditably high marks for such admittedly important things as sanitation and sewerage, water supplies and road-surfacing—the only 'amenities' generally understood in our overwhelmingly urban-minded England.

But if we want a really civilized country fit for poets as well as for plumbers, that is

not enough. We need to see to it that town-planning lay-outs, often admirably devised, are not immediately stultified by the inept ugliness of individual building that destroys all hope of final graciousness, and further, that the mere ownership of land should carry with it no right of selfish exploitation.

Tardily, timidly, we have instituted certain checks to private trespass against public interest (often unwittingly), but they are still grotesquely inadequate as all may see. Only new and fearless legislation can avail, coupled with an altogether more enlightened administration through a local government greatly changed in its personnel. But, in our democracy, these things must all wait on public opinion. How and when, if ever, can we arouse it to demand a better management of our national estate?

A RUSSIAN IN SPAIN

ISPANSKII DNIEVNIK. By Mikhail Koltsov.
Moscow: Novyi Mir. 1938.

(Valentin Katayev in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, Moscow)

WHAT a sad, and at the same time, a courageous book!

I remember how once in my childhood we were sailing across Lake Geneva. The jagged shadow of the mountains fell on the lake and the shores flew past us. A painter was hurriedly covering the small square of his canvas with many-colored brush strokes. It was growing darker. The colors of the lake changed from pink to lilac, then to blue. But still faster the painter mixed the colors on his palette. The changing lake and the painting seemed to be a continuation of each other. We watched admiringly this noble contest between Painter and Nature—a contest in which neither wanted to give way.

At the same time, another artist was finishing from memory a sketch taken from nature a few hours ago. The spot that he was painting had disappeared

from our sight long ago, but on the canvas still remained in wondrous immobility Chillon, with its conical spires, the shadowy lake and a sailboat with two billowing sails. Here, the painter had obviously conquered nature: he had stopped time.

As I read Mikhail Koltsov's *Spanish Diary*, I was thinking of these two painters, one of them ardent, hasty and passionate as he strove to keep pace with the swiftly-changing nature around him and the other, calmer, more profound, more balanced, who arrested time on his canvas. The author of *Spanish Diary* has united in his work the spirit of the two.

Mikhail Koltsov was particularly beloved by the readers of *Pravda* for his keen and veracious dispatches from the Spanish Front. These dispatches were really little masterpieces of militant political reportage, always timely, always original, always artistic in the highest sense of the word. The political situation changed every day with dizzying swiftness, and Koltsov mixed the colors on his artist's palette to keep pace with the changing events. We watched with admiration the contest between the Writer and Time.

Now we have before us the *Spanish Diary*. It is something more permanent. It is a large canvas begun from nature and finished, to a certain degree, from memory. The events in Spain go on. Once Koltsov exclaims: 'What will happen to Madrid? Will it be the Spanish Verdun? Or will it share the tragic and glorious fate of the Paris Commune?' Madrid's fate is not yet decided, nor is the fate of Spain. But on the canvas the slice of time, caught and arrested by the artist, already lives as a historical fact. Here we have something more than a reporter's sketchy dispatch. We have history, artistically treated.

WHAT is the *Spanish Diary*? It seems to me that Mikhail Koltsov named his book too modestly. It is not really a diary. It

is drama, a novel, a story, perhaps even a lyrical monologue, or it may be a new literary form. Koltsov's book has many of the qualities of an epic—it has dramatic conflict, description of nature, lyrical interludes, all the elements of a panoramic poem. And there are new elements, too—political portrait, document, polemics, anecdote and caricature drawn by a deft though friendly hand. All those elements are welded into unity. The many threads converge upon one main theme: 'Freeing of Spain from the yoke of Fascist reactionaries is not Spain's private affair, but is the concern of all progressive humanity.'

In this book there are two heroes. One is the Soviet writer, the *Pravda* correspondent, Mikhail Koltsov. His problem is specifically journalistic. It is to see what is going on at strategic points, to be in constant contact with the people, to see everything, hear everything, know everything, and get all the news back to *Pravda*. There is another hero invented for the purposes of the book. That is Koltsov's friend, a Mexican revolutionary, Miguel Martinez, who has come to Spain to put his revolutionary experience at the disposal of his Spanish comrades. Throughout the book, the two heroes constantly come in contact. Their paths cross although their tasks are different. One describes, the other acts—as organizer, propagandist and specialist. They see the events before them from two different vantage points, but their two points of view merge as in a stereoscope to give a vivid three-dimensional image.

In reading, I underlined passages that I liked, and soon found that the whole book was underscored. Here is one about the attack on the Alcazar:—

The Fascists have opened a steady fire, but we are tolerably defended by their own walls. Still, we must wait for another group to join us. We are only a hundred men, without a single machine gun, with only hand grenades. Behind the walls are two thousand well-armed and desperate men. We must

wait five or ten minutes until the Anarchists reach us with their machine guns. We lie down. The green slope on which we lie is just like Vladimir's Mount in Kiev, where I used to spend my time as a school-boy. Below me would glow the gilded domes of the churches. On Alexander Street pedlars were hawking ready-made clothes, catching prospective customers by the hems of their coats as they passed. A dusty crowd of tramps and third-class passengers was milling around the railway station. The Dnieper flowed by, a broad blue ribbon, and a dilapidated old boat crawled its weary way into the harbor. . . .

Here is another one:—

We take off. Soon we leave behind us the neat olive orchards, the even ruddy soil, and fly over the stern, sun-scorched cliffs. Our rickety little ship climbs upward, sweating streams of hot oil. Two small 'Gypsy' motors cough desperately as they drag upward a disproportionately big load of men. And in Moscow, in Leningrad, everywhere back home, today is Aviation Day. Hundreds of airplanes, thousands of parachutists, tens of thousands of spectators at the Tushino Airdrome. The air fleet, named after Gorki, is scattering clouds of fly-leaves, and it must be so fresh there, so easy to breathe, not like in this stuffy little ship hovering over the rocky Castilian frying-pan.

There are many traces of Koltsov's characteristic humor:—

Lucia introduced to me her children and was very flattered when she saw me writing down their names in my note-book. The girls' names are Clarita, Conchita, Pepita, Incarne, Rosita and Carmelita. The boy's full name is Juan Buenaventura Adolfo Orsiego Garcia. We called him 'Johnnie.'

Koltsov has an amazing gift for portrait. With two or three words, he is able to give the reader a remarkably vivid impression of the man he describes. Sometimes he dispenses even with appearance. A few words of straight dialogue and the portrait is there.

I have said that it is a sad book. It is sad because it deals with the mistakes of

the Popular Front in Spain and because it is a lesson and a warning. But it is also courageous because it is written without artificial pathos and with implacable truthfulness and directness.

[The Spanish Diary *is being at present serialized in Novyi Mir, a Moscow literary monthly, and will shortly appear in book form.* THE EDITORS]

INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

CHANTAGE À LA GUERRE. By Geneviève Tabouis. Paris: Flammarion. 1938.

(Translated from *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

UNDER this expressive title, Mme. Geneviève Tabouis has brought together a most effective collection of documents dealing with Franco-British errors which allowed the totalitarian States to make off with more victories within a short period than were ever won before without the necessity of fighting. One phrase, in particular, epitomizes the substance of this excellent book: 'Blunders in diplomacy are the only ones which must inevitably be paid for sooner or later, and they must be paid for with the suffering and the blood of the people.'

Positive and negative blunders alike can be explained by the democracies' ignorance of their peril, by their lack of

mutual understanding, their fear of social reforms, their short-sighted domestic policies and their yearning for easy solutions and apparent prosperity. The attitude of the French, in particular, toward war is distinguished by horror rather than by a mere fear. The British, in their somewhat egoistic pride, are firmly convinced that no outside alliance, no temporary compromise on their part, can break the steel bonds of their Empire. Confronted at last with a choice between unlimited armaments and disarmament based upon a revamping of pacts and treaties, France and Great Britain have tried both without first coming to a fundamental agreement with each other. As a result, they have enjoyed the advantages of neither and have suffered the inconveniences of both.

It is useful, if not particularly reassuring, to place in their chronological order and their logical succession all the peripeteias of this battle between the iron and clay pots. The pitiless exposure draws one, however, to a conclusion which is neither pessimistic nor desperate. The advantages of the Fascist States lie neither in their structure nor in their resources, but rather in their will to power and the continuity of their schemes. The weakness of the democracies is due not to their pacifism nor to any lack of human and material resources. What is lacking is foresight, cohesion and will.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

MY AMERICA. By Louis Adamic. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1938. 669 pages. \$3.75.

‘THIS book,’ says Mr. Adamic, ‘is an attempt to draw a partial picture of my America between 1928 and 1938—or between the twenty-ninth and thirty-ninth years of my life, the period during which I became an American writer—with occasional glimpses or references further back into my past and America’s.’ He discusses such things and people as the immigrant press, the depression in New England and in the Bronx, the bread lines in New York, the ‘bootleg coal’ industry, the Communists, the C.I.O. and the radical character-assassins and logrollers in Manhattan. In passing he mentions pretty nearly everybody who makes the literary gossip columns, from Sinclair Lewis to Lewis Gannett and from Ben Stolberg to Kyle Crichton. For his material Mr. Adamic draws heavily from his diary and from his published books and articles.

The extracts from the diary, which make up at least one-fourth of the book, are mainly pointless. Two examples from the year 1931:—

‘Undated note:—Theodore Dreiser called a meeting of writers, artists, and generally “intellectuals” in his apartment at the Ansonia. He sent me an invitation, and I went, not knowing what it would be about. . . . Marvelous apartment: a duplex with great windows to the north. It must be very pleasant in the daytime. . . .’

‘March 3.—This morning at seven a special-delivery letter from Henry Allen Moe [secretary of the Guggenheim Foundation]: I have been awarded a fellowship! S. is very happy. We are going to Europe in about six weeks. . . . Moe suggested I come to see him.

‘This awful Lindbergh kidnapping!’

About the C.I.O. and its leaders, the depression, the Communists and the New York literati Mr. Adamic writes at some length, but unfortunately he has little to say. He thinks John L. Lewis is important, but he obviously does not understand him. As for Ben Stolberg, his pet, to whom he devotes twice as much space as to Sinclair Lewis, he compares him with Mencken, Voltaire, Proust, Karl Marx and Groucho Marx, and not for a minute does

he make him interesting or point out his importance, if any, to the contemporary American scene.

The immigrant problem, which has been so close to Mr. Adamic for many years, brings forth only pompous platitudes from him. He is married to a Jewess and his most intimate friends have been largely Jews, yet all he has to say about the race is this:—

‘The Jews, I think, fascinate me more than any other racial or national group. I hope some day to be able to make a study of them in America. They are probably the most important group here, next to the Anglo-Saxon. Probably not quite so important economically as generally supposed, but very important intellectually and culturally.’

The book is so badly organized as to be virtually a raffle-barrel. It sprawls all over the lot, with no discernible plan behind it. Finally, the sheer writing is sloppy, verbose, vague. In short, Mr. Adamic has written a futile volume. He boasts of the many miles he has traveled across the country, but apparently he has seen little more than the conductor of the Twentieth Century.

The things he does not write about would make a most interesting book, even if only touched upon. Changes took place in the America of 1928–1938 which are at least as important as Granville Hicks’ particular form of ignorance on an undated evening in January, 1932, to which Mr. Adamic devotes more than two pages. Nothing less than a revolution in American culture occurred. Mencken and his whole school collapsed. In the field of *belles lettres*, Hergesheimer and Cabell sank into oblivion, and in their stead came Hemingway, Wolfe, Wilder. The quality magazines abandoned the contemplation of brocaded lace and began to discuss live problems. The Era of Sex Freedom blew up, leaving all the little girls and boys stunned by their own pneumatic folly. In the movies Clara Bow made way for Greta Garbo, and in the theatre Eugene O’Neill superseded Owen Davis and Sam Shipman. On the radio Bing Crosby supplanted Ruth Etting and listening to Toscanini concerts became *the thing*. A vociferous radicalism worried editorial writers, who did not know that New York radicalism has so

far been another form of Bohemianism, and hence of little moment. The Wonder Boy of Palo Alto went to the White House, developed insomnia and called out the troops to frighten a few hundred hungry veterans encamped in Washington; the suicide rate increased, bankrupt brokers began to sell apples on Fifth Avenue and Franklin Delano Roosevelt inaugurated a new epoch in American history on March 4, 1933.

This is what America really was like in 1928-1938. This is the America Mr. Adamic should get better acquainted with before he writes about it again.

—CHARLES ANGOFF

GLASS HOUSES. By Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1938. 413 pages. \$3.50.

JOURNEYS BETWEEN WARS. By John Dos Passos. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1938. 394 pages. \$3.00.

SOME twenty years ago Carleton Beals, clad in a pair of torn khaki pants, a dirty shirt and a battered sombrero, and with fifteen cents in his pocket, jumped from a freight car on the outskirts of Mexico City. After his first meal in two days—'five centavos' worth of cow intestines rolled up in a corn tortilla—he began the adventurous life of reporting which is reminiscently surveyed in *Glass Houses*. It was a good start for his purpose. Carranza was in a shaky presidential chair, 'looking at the revolution through blue spectacles.' Zapata and Villa were very much alive. Full-fledged revolt was about to break, carrying Alvaro Obregón to power.

By free-lancing, teaching English and lecturing on Shakespeare to ladies' clubs, Beals was soon able to enjoy somewhat more respectable clothes and food. He also found time to dig into libraries and scurry around among the revolutionaries to find out what the shooting was about. The result was his first book, *Mexico: An Interpretation*, by which he became a pioneer in a field since much exploited by writers.

But *Mexico* appeared after Beals, with his unerring instinct for landing in troublesome spots of this globe, had moved to Italy, seen the March on Rome, and had already dispatched the manuscript of a book on Fascism to his publishers while hurrying back to Mexico. Spain and Peru have been other fields

for his adventuring, not to mention Central America, where he achieved one of the most celebrated of newspaper scoops by interviewing the ubiquitous Sandino, who, at the time was being diligently sought by the United States Marines.

In his previous books Beals has explained the social forces underlying the events he has witnessed. In *Glass Houses* he writes of lighter things—of personalities, incidents, anecdotes; of the flotsam of social upheavals; of crooks and spies and pimps; of men and women who have played, or are still playing, dominant rôles in the post-War struggles for power. Obregón, Borodin, Morrow are drawn from the past, though their influence—as in the case of Mr. Morrow and the oil problem in Mexico—is still basic to an understanding of many of our present crises. Others, particularly the Spanish personalities crisply analyzed by Mr. Beals—Azaña, Indalecio Prieto, Alvarez del Vayo—are very much of today, men whom he describes as 'fighting that Mussolini and Hitler might be stopped in their bloody careers. . . . that you and I might live in a better world.'

John Dos Passos and Beals met in Mexico City (where the former received a salute fit for a king from a policeman knocked off his traffic box by Dos Passos's erratic flivver). 'One of the fine things about Dos Passos,' Beals says in *Glass Houses*, 'is that he never sets himself up about his writing, never seems to believe that he is doing anything remarkable.' This admirable trait is amply in evidence in *Journeys Between Wars*. Dos Passos, like Beals, has wandered far—to Spain, the Near East, Russia and Mexico. He has traveled in boxcars, explored lonely, bandit-ridden areas of the Caucasus, been under fire in Spain. He has followed an insatiably curious nose into unheard-of byways, all because he wanted to see not castles and museums but people—people anonymous or celebrated, famous or infamous, but people. Yet despite the intrepidity of the author and his deep sensitivity to human problems, his book has a refreshing matter-of-factness, the result of Dos Passos's belief that anything he himself has done is commonplace, and that only the things he has seen and heard are important enough to be conveyed to the reader. The result is a travel book almost without a traveler, but of exceptionally rich and significant tapestries.

For Dos Passos has a keen eye for the so-

cially meaningful. His prose, the smooth reading of which is interrupted by his 'muchtoo-frequent' 'runningtogether' of modifiers, may seem the agent that makes gold of much wordly dross. But the alchemy is not alone in the technique but the selection. In the trivia are glimpses of forces abroad in our world today. The pompous and insignificant little Spaniard with lemon-yellow shoes and a huge business card that identifies him as a 'Universal Agent' for business enterprise, who bemoans Spanish indifference to 'exploitation of the country with modern energy,' may seem inconsequential and ludicrous; yet from such citizens Franco probably derives enthusiastic support. All the tragic dilemma of a post-War world is reflected in the fear-filled eyes of the Russian woman whose background subjects her to Cheka surveillance, yet for whom there is no new lands to go to, no future. The sandy-moustached Irishman with false teeth, indulging in adultery so long as it serves his purpose, embodies all that is despicable in the vast ramifications of international espionage.

The brief sketch of Zapata is equivalent to several books on Mexico's agrarian problems. Equally revealing in brief compass is the story of the Guatemalan Indian who had labored seven years to bring his coffee farm to fruition, only to have a member of Congress secure title to the land, because the 'shiftless and lazy' Indian could not be expected to manage it. 'Just to show what exasperating reactionaries these Indians are,' Dos Passos was told, 'no sooner had the Deputy gotten title to the land than the Indian and his family went out at night and cut down every single coffee tree.'

What Dos Passos feels about the things he has seen and heard we can only guess. He merely displays to us a rich collection of color pictures so that we too may share his journeys. This is what makes him an unusual traveler, his book a revealing experience.

—EARLE K. JAMES

LOOKING BEHIND THE CENSORSHIPS. REVELATIONS BY AN AMERICAN FOREIGN EDITOR. By Eugene F. Young. Philadelphia: F. B. Lippincott Company. 1938. 368 pages. \$3.00.

THE author of this exciting volume is a veteran newspaper man and editor, who for the past eight years has been the Cable Editor of the New York Times. In his long experience he has handled many thousands of

dispatches from foreign correspondents. He now draws upon the wealth of that experience to tell his readers something about the difficulties under which the correspondents labor, more about the considerations which dictate governmental manipulation of the news which passes the censors, and still more about certain special situations which illustrate his analysis.

It is surprising to find that the first chapters are the least interesting. Not that the technique of news-gathering and news-suppressing is not worth retelling, especially in this compact form, but in a general way most careful readers of international news are familiar with the situation. The several chapters which follow, the analysis proper of the real nature of the international game, are brilliant and invaluable. In the last resort, says the author, it boils down to considerations of national interests. These are the warp and woof of the texture of international diplomacy. Statesmen come and go, words change and pretenses vary, but these considerations remain fixed and invariable. Given a working knowledge of the primary facts on which statesmen base their efforts, almost every situation can be reduced to a two-and-two-makes-four formula. This is the sort of treatment that Machiavelli would have relished; not the sinister Machiavelli of the schoolboy legend, but the real Florentine, the superbly amoral and realistic interpreter of the political scene as it was and not as it should be.

The last part of the book, and well over half of it, furnishes illustrations of that analysis from international developments during recent years. Here is the real inside stuff, the true story of the maneuvering of the Powers over Ethiopia, the rise and fall of Eden, the 'razzle-dazzle' of the Rhineland, the real reason for the abdication of Edward VIII and so forth. Not only are these accounts exciting in themselves as stories, but they are invaluable as correctives to the garbled versions that the censors have permitted to appear.

—LEO GERSHOY

JAPAN IN CHINA. By T. A. Bisson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1938. 417 pages. \$3.00.

THOSE who want a detailed and careful analysis of the Far Eastern struggle and of its immediate background, with the analysis

supported at every stage by reference to fact, will turn to Mr. Bisson's book. It takes as the point of departure the struggle which began in mid-summer, 1937. Then Japanese policy in North China during the four preceding years, culminating in the 'autonomy' movement and its failure is described, together with its effect in reviving Chinese nationalism and ultimately in bringing about the unity which enabled China to resist pressure from Japan. Attention is then turned to the internal struggle in Japan and its significance with respect to continental policy. This paves the way for a consideration of the military struggle between China and Japan. The consequences of the war, as far as it has gone, for both China and Japan are then carefully considered. The conclusion reached as to the outcome, on the basis of the analysis, is that 'the test of strength, as between China and Japan, pits two qualitatively different techniques and objectives against each other. For Japan the supreme objective must continue to be a smashing victory and collapse of the opponents' morale and will to resist. Only a swift triumph, thorough enough to permit the withdrawal of excessively large forces of occupation, will leave an economic margin sufficient to balance its books. Every additional month of large-scale warfare diminishes the prospects of a successful outcome to the military adventure. . . . For China, there is the necessity of maintaining a stubborn refusal to admit defeat in the face of overwhelming devastation and apparent disaster.'

But what if China does not maintain a successful resistance? To answer that question Mr. Bisson concludes his study with an examination of the effects of Japanese rule on Manchuria, which he sees as a possible prototype for China. The facts that he presents do not warrant much optimism for the future if China comes similarly under the control of Japan.

Japan in China is not only the title but also defines accurately the subject to which the author rather narrowly restricts himself. The only departure, more apparent than real, is to be found in the attention which he pays to internal political and economic changes in Japan. The international consequences of Japan's policies and activities are largely disregarded. The book does not, therefore, present the complete history or record of the years from 1933 to 1938, but it is complete within the limits set by the title. It is a study to which all who want seriously to inform themselves con-

cerning the causes and consequences of Japan's move into China since the establishment of Manchukuo may wisely turn.

—HAROLD M. VINACKE

THE SEVEN SOVIET ARTS. By Kurt London.
New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938.
381 pages. \$4.00.

IN HIS study of the arts in Soviet Russia Kurt London both views with alarm and points with pride: alarm, at the domination of art by the official viewpoint, the quest for 'Socialist realism'; pride, in the honor given to artistic endeavor which does not overstep the bounds. As the author himself points out, he is sure to be denounced by both Right and Left; however, those who have not enrolled themselves in either camp will find much to admire in this careful, honest discussion.

Mr. London is warm in his praise of the lavish encouragement given to artists in the Soviet Union—honor and glory unknown west of the Vistula, as well as most generous material rewards, which make the artist one of the best paid persons in the land. The author also admires the careful training given to those who decide to follow artistic careers and the opportunities open to the talented who are without private means. He is no less delighted with the great popular interest shown by the public, and the devoted efforts to increase the popular enjoyment of, and participation in, cultural life. The work of encouraging the development, or the resurrection of the arts and cultures of the lesser peoples of the U.S.S.R. is warmly praised as a project far in advance of anything to be found in other parts of the world. In his chapters on these subjects Mr. London will delight the warmest admirer of the U.S.S.R.

On the other hand, he views the official doctrine of 'Socialist realism' as a strait-jacket which hampers the free development of a new and vital culture. The principle that the arts must be suitable for popular understanding and enjoyment he finds admirable in intent, but unfortunate in its effect, as it prevents free experimentation and tends to promote a leveling downward instead of a general raising of the cultural life of the people. As examples of the unfortunate results of this theory, Mr. London points to the rebuke administered to Shostakovich, the relatively low estate of the Soviet cinema and the deplorable bourgeois taste in architecture.

However, London closes on a note of optimism. Like many another, he sees in the immense vitality of the cultural strivings of the people, and in the abundant artistic opportunities open to Soviet children, forces which should surmount purges and other obstacles. The author feels that the flowering of Soviet culture is still to come.

—JOHN CURTISS

MR. WITT AMONG THE REBELS. By Ramon Sender. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. \$2.50. 367 pages.

RAMON SENDER'S novel is set in the mid-nineteenth century (1873) but it is timely and well in keeping with our present day. Mr. Witt, naval consultant to the Spanish arsenal at Cartagena, a liberal gentleman, a sober Englishman, has all the characteristics of indecisiveness that a sober, liberal Englishman would have today. Milagritos, his wife, a daughter of Spain, is in striking contrast. The author offers the reader her character through the eyes of Mr. Witt, but he is skilful enough to give a picture of her that is far beyond the limited horizon of her husband, getting her onto his pages with a fine flourish. For she is passionate and Spanish and arrives at conclusions that her careful, repressed, polite English husband can never achieve.

From his balcony Mr. Witt watches history explode, too busy turning what he sees into phrases to become a living part of the exciting world in which he lives. Yet he is not comfortable in his shell of watching. After all, he is married to Milagritos, who feels and knows and arrives at an understanding with a directness unknown to Mr. Witt, for he must react through the printed word, through a philosophy learned at a public school and must never drop the cloak of intellectuality.

Mr. Witt—symbol of the liberal in all ages—feels that Milagritos, who understands the struggle of her people, ties him to life, although his acceptance of her is not complete. But the figure of Mr. Witt is a fine characterization; he, the man of science, of intellect, cannot keep pace with the discoveries of the poets and the revolutionaries. As Sender has drawn him, he is a subtle mockery of all 'liberals,' of all those who believe they are never ruffled, never forgetful of something they've named reason, served up for dinner with perfect manners.

—HENRI WEIGEL

MEMORY OF YOUTH. By Vilhelm Moberg. Translated from the Swedish by Edwin Björkman. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1938. 405 pages. \$2.50.

COMING FROM THE FAIR. By Norah Hoult. New York: Covici-Friede. 1938. 342 pages. \$2.50.

SCANDINAVIA produces a great deal of poor fiction, as the hero of *Memory of Youth* learned in his years as magazine editor in Stockholm; but America seems lucky in escaping it. Moberg's first work published here should take its place in the respectable company of honest northern novels. The opening section, *The Man*, gives a relatively dull description of Knut Toring's adult life through which come flashes of memory, snatches of letters from home, evoking the countryside. The later parts, *The Child* and *The Youth*, develop these themes in a skilful blend of realism and romance. The boy's struggle for learning, his first drunkenness and his first love, then his flight from the hamlet are related affectionately against a background the sordidness of which is softened by memory to a pastoral loveliness. One forgives the repetitious style and occasional clumsiness of narration for a single scene such as the one where Knut, mowing the oatfield faster than Brun's Ebba can bind, proves to the girl that he is in every sense a man.

Coming from the Fair also combines sordidness and poetry, though the latter is almost entirely in the lilt of the Irish speech. Certainly one will find little of the elder Celtic wistfulness in this lusty, bawdy tale of the disintegration of the O'Neill family. Action in the hold of cattle ships crossing to Liverpool, in pubs and doss-houses contrasts admirably with scenes of home life and family relationships and the growth of eager children. Although her varied characters are real flesh and blood, the author is less interested in them than in painting a picture of the Dublin from 1903 to 1933, the city of Russell, Gogarty and Joyce. It may be unfair to complain of too much richness. Nevertheless the multitude of anecdotes, parodies and taproom jokes weighs down the latter half of the novel and at times suggests that Miss Hoult transcribed her data directly into her text without fusing them with her creative material. At most, this is a minor fault in a book that is pulsating and alive.

—D'ELBERT KEENAN

THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

their brutal overseers and won for themselves a modicum of human rights. [p. 507]

IN OUR 'Persons' of this month, Major Francis Yeats-Brown, author of the *Bengal Lancer*, ogles Hitler [p. 512]; we learn about "'King" Billmeir,' two years ago an obscure British shipowner, now the uncrowned king of Spain, who is defying Franco's bombs and is carrying food, oil and coal to the Spanish Loyalists [p. 514]; and our third sketch deals with King Zog I, the only European ruler of the Mohammedan faith. [p. 516]

IF MUSSOLINI and the extreme Fascists should espouse really 'Roman' imperial aims, the territories to be 'redeemed' would be extensive indeed. All Europe below the Danube and the Rhine, Britain up to Hadrian's Wall, all North Africa, Egypt and the Levant were once Roman. At present, Fascist aims are relatively modest, including only Dalmatia, Tunis, Malta, Corsica, the French Riviera and French Savoy, the latter two having been taken by Napoleon III in 1860 as compensation for helping the Italians against Austria. Claude Allais, a French journalist, made a first-hand investigation of Fascist propaganda and espionage in the coastal cities from Marseille to the Italian frontier, and his surprising discoveries are reported in the article, 'Riviera Irredenta.' [p. 520]

'ORIENTAL SIDELIGHTS,' our Far-Eastern section, deals with two minor aspects of the war. 'Japanese Valhalla' is an account of the spectacular memorial service at the Yasukuni Shrine in Tokyo, where Japan's war heroes, soldiers and

civilians alike, are beatified. Although strongly under Western influence in superficial matters, the ancient beliefs and rites still play a large rôle in Japanese cultural life. [p. 525] In the second article, 'China's Vagrant Youth,' George Leonof reveals that as a result of the Japanese invasion, thousands of homeless Chinese children roam the streets and organize raids on food shops in order to keep themselves alive. [p. 527]

SIR HERBERT GEPP, author of the article, 'Australia's Great Backyard,' is the Director of the Aërial, Geological and Geophysical Survey of Northern Australia. He is perhaps the greatest living authority on Australia's resources and on problems relating to their development. He has written a great deal on this broad subject in both articles and books. In the article which we have adapted from a series which appeared in the Melbourne *Herald*, Sir Herbert tells what Australia is doing to justify her preëmption of her vast northern territory. [p. 529]

IN THIS month's 'Miscellany,' we hear a moving account of today's men without a country [p. 534]; learn of Sokotra, an obscure 'Isle of Bliss' in the Indian Ocean [p. 536]; and of the militant African Driver Ant, whose armies are as fierce and invincible as Attila's. [p. 539]

IN THIS month's department of 'Letters and the Arts,' Sir Hugh Walpole discusses the great 'Families in Fiction'—the New-comes, the Forsytes, the Rakonitzes, the *Jalna* men and women—which have held multitudes of readers in thrall in sequel after sequel [p. 544]; and we have a report of the important new opera *Mathis, the Painter*, by the exiled German composer, Paul Hindemith, which recently had its world première in Zürich. [p. 547]